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THE MIRROR

A
WEEKLY
JOURNAL
REFLECTING
THE
INTERESTS OF
THINKING
PEOPLE

WILLIAM-MARION-REEDY
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

THE MIRROR FOR THE SUMMER.

GOING away for the summer?

Have the MIRROR sent after you.

However much you may flit, the address will be changed as often as this office is notified.

EQUALITY.

THERE is much talk nowadays of equality, in connection with the Constitution and the Flag, the disfranchisement of the negro, the exclusion of the Chinese, etc. The MIRROR PAMPHLET for June is made up of a consideration of the theory of equality set forth in Edward Bellamy's book of that title. The little essay doesn't pretend to exhaust the subject. It only points out some of the points in which the theory appears to be a fallacious one, and of evil effect if applied. "Equality," as reviewed by the editor of the MIRROR, will be found an interesting expression of a personal view, if nothing more.

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REFLECTIONS.

Steel Trust Against Labor Trust

THE sympathy of the public can hardly be said to be with the steel strikers, even though the men be lined up for battle with a billion-dollar Trust. The public is not inclined to ready sympathy with strikes in which no question of better pay or shorter hours of labor is involved. The demand for a unionization of certain steel mills is one that seems like an assertion of a right to dictate the business methods of employers. The demonstration that the unionization of mills is for the betterment of the employees generally is by no means convincing. It means that the employees shall be limited to a certain set, bound together by certain rules, and that workmen who may not like those rules, cannot be employed. The Trust does not purpose to debar union laborers from work in its mills, but the Union purposes shutting out all men not sealed of their tribe. The Trust does not deny the right of labor to organize, but organized labor denies the right of the unorganized laborer to work. The inference is that the influence of organized labor is, in this instance, more inimical to liberty than is the great Steel Trust. The fact that about sixty-five per cent of the steel mills are unionized is important, as showing that the Trust has made no war upon union labor. The Steel Trust agrees to the same wage scale for the non-union as for the union mills, so there is no dissatisfaction as to wages. There is no doubt that if a concession of employers to the unions meant permanent peace, such concession would be for the best, but there is no guarantee that recognizing the unions will insure peace. There is no guarantee that the employer, once under the thumb of the union, would be at liberty to discharge any employe for any cause. It is certain that no person not belonging to the union could be employed, no matter how efficient he might be. The employer and the non-union seeker for work would, under such circumstances, be restrained of his liberty and the former would be deprived of the control of his own property. The union labor principle may be all right within certain limitations, but it cannot be contended that it is right for any body of men to band together to keep other men out of work, or that it is right to ask any persons managing a vast business, involving the capital of hundreds of thousands of people, to deliver over the management of the business to an organization utterly irresponsible. The demand that union men be not discriminated against is fair enough, but it loses its force when it is coupled with a demand that employers discriminate against labor not in the union. It is by no means clear that the cause of union labor is necessarily the cause of liberty and justice. Whether the recognition of the union is for the general benefit is another question that is not easily determinable in favor of the unions. It is not clear that the union is the best thing for the development of the best workmen, while it is clear that the frequent strike often puts the good workman out of work permanently and makes him a wanderer. The best workmen do not foment or lead strikes. The trouble is made by the politician workmen and gabsters. It is a question of wide interest whether the dominance of unionism would be good for trade. The New York Commercial Advertiser asserts that the undue ascendancy of the labor union in Great Britain "is acknowledged to be one of the main reasons why that country is fast losing its supremacy in trade. Yet the spirit of tyranny which governs all the dealings of the English labor organizations arose simply through the concession by the employing class of demands similar to those which are now being brought forward in this country. American employers have the British experience as a sharp spur urging them to maintain an un-

wavering attitude in the present cases. If they were to weaken and yield to the strikers on the principal issue, it would be one of the most serious blows to American industry that could possibly be conceived." This is the extreme capitalistic view of the subject and may well be challenged as to the accuracy of its diagnosis of England's difficulty. Still when the time shall come, as we are told it must, when every great institution shall be compelled to allow an outside organization to dictate conditions of employment of its workmen, we may well doubt that the said dictation will be favorable to business expansion and profit. The complete recognition of unions, to the extent of accepting utterly their rules as to work, pay, personality of employes, etc., would be equivalent to a surrender of properties in the long run. But there will be no such long run. The managers of our great concerns have been workmen themselves. They find that unionism is not the making of necessarily better workmen. They will not continue to submit to dictation or to arbitrate with strangers. They will stop short at arbitrating questions of pay or of hours. They will not much longer dally with the question whether they shall or shall not hire a man acceptable to them regardless of his affiliations. As strikes continue and strikers in greater numbers find what strikes lead to, for all but the leaders, there will be a constantly increasing number of those who do not believe in unions. The employer will soon tire of being limited to a certain class of employes and the non-union men will tire of being made pariahs. Then the issue will be "fought out to a finish" in some monstrous strike, so disastrous to everybody that the country will have no use for the men who precipitated it. The right to organize has about ceased to be an issue. It is now a question whether the individualist, unaffiliated workman shall be deprived of his right to work through terrorization of the men of whom he seeks employment. Shall the union tyrannize at once over the employer and over the man who does not believe in the union? If there's anything of the old American spirit of fair play left in the land such tyranny will not be tolerated. The people do not incline to condone the gross faults of the Labor Trust any more than they do to condone the evil of money trusts. Both trusts will be controlled in time, but the Labor Trust is most certain to show us most convincingly the old truth that the might of organization and consolidation does not make right. The Labor Trust would take property out of its owners' hands, and work from the hands of all not of its fold. Its tendency is to dictate to all the rest of the people, to terrify all without its pale. Therefore it must fail, unless it modifies its methods. All the people are greater than any trust, and all the people, one of these days, will wipe out the Labor Trust along with all the others.

Prayer

WHAT do I think of prayers for rain? They are the more certain to be answered the longer the drought has prevailed. They cannot stop the rain when it is coming. On the general question of the efficacy of prayer, my opinion is that prayer for any good thing never yet hurt anybody in this world.



Mr. Watterson's Position

HENRY WATTERSON is the whole show in political off years. He is now trying to show, by uproarious rhetoric, that the situation in Ohio promises a great future for the Democracy. But Henry is more entertaining than convincing. His fundamental idea is that the party is no good unless it wins. Now, philosophically speaking, Henry is all wrong. It doesn't make any difference whether the party wins or not, as a principal consideration of the merits of candidates or platform. The main ques-

tion is, whether the party is right. A party in the wrong may win, and then the true patriot must grieve. A party is not organized to win offices. It is organized to struggle to put principles into effect in government. The Louisville editor has been an able lecturer upon morals, but his proclamation that the party wants only to win the offices shows that he is not an authority upon ethics. He has no sympathy with the man who would rather be right than be President. He would rather be President than right. He rejoices in an Ohio platform that, in some respects, pushes the ideas of the Chicago platform to an extremity, while he also rejoices that the Chicago platform has been "eliminated." Mr. Watterson dislikes the candidate who lives at Lincoln, Nebraska, yet he accepts the principles of Tom Johnson, who is not radically different from the oratorical Nebraskan. If Tom Johnson, who made the platform in Ohio, is right in the main, then the editor of the *Commoner* is also right in the main. Mr. Watterson sees strange things when he sees in the triumph of Tom Johnson a betterment of Democratic doctrine, a return to political sanity. But there is no occasion to take Mr. Watterson seriously. He is only of importance to the country at large, in the off years, and in the silly seasons of those off years, when the other editors are pressed for something to fill up their columns. And then, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, the things that Mr. Watterson writes or says, are always things in the circulation of which Republican editors most delight. Mr. Watterson always strives for harmony in his party by intensifying the discord in the organization. He doesn't even lay out the ringleaders of disorder in order to bring about peace. He simply belabors them with a stuffed club of turgid rhetoric. In his comment upon the Ohio situation, he has done nothing but increase the irreconcilability of the Democratic factions. Just how he can figure it out that the Ohio platform is in spirit an improvement on the Chicago and Kansas City platforms no one can see. No man who fought the Democratic nominee for President in 1896 or in 1900, or on both occasions, as a matter of principle, in resentment of revolutionism, can consistently declare a belief in the trend of opinions held by Tom Johnson, who is a sort of blend of Eugene Debs and Mark Hanna, of Altgeld and Pierpont Morgan.



Truth From Talmage

REV. DR. TALMAGE talks so much he can't help saying a good thing once in a while. His last Sunday's sermon, in which he set forth the charge that the gravest of our National vices is extravagance, is a case in which he hit the nail squarely on the head. Extravagance is the cause of most domestic worries, all financial panics, much of our misgovernment and the national disease of "nerves."



A Dead Man's Fun

A MILLIONAIRE can have fun even when he's dead, as witness the case of the late Jacob S. Rogers, who left a bequest, the annual income of which will be about \$200,000, to the Metropolitan Museum, of New York, for, according to those who know, no other purpose than to give his relatives, whom he didn't like, a bad turn. He is said to have made his will in ghoulish glee, thinking how mad all those persons would be who had been for years expecting to benefit by his death. In life Mr. Rogers was never known to care a rap for art and, therefore, he made a great bequest to the art museum, just to be more exasperating. He knew there would be a big fight over the will and it was great fun to him to think that his bequest would cause the Museum management as much trouble and worry as it would cause the people who would fight it. The crusty old Croesus seems to have put in his last days in designing a sure way to have "something doing" concerning his wealth for as long a time after his death as possible. He surprised everybody who knew him and those who didn't know him. He deliberately made his departure hence a rasping joke on as many people as he could and must have died supremely happy. His bequest will be the focus of an hundred legal fights and nobody will get what was expected, except the lawyers. Mr. Rogers, in his life time, didn't

like lawyers, but he did the profession a good service when he died, which is where the joke of the late Mr. Rogers may be on him, if he be in any place where a joke can penetrate. Mr. Rogers' relatives are rising up from near and far and professing abounding love for the old "grouch," now that he is dead, but they appear never to have had much love for him in life and no one can conscientiously wish them success in their effort to divert his benefaction from the Metropolitan Museum. The Museum needs the money to put itself in the position to which it has long aspired. The Rogers heirs got along very well without the Rogers' money all these years. It was Rogers' money. He made it and he had a right to dispose of it, if anyone had. It is to be hoped that the courts will sustain the will and that the Metropolitan Museum will proceed to develop into the institution the whole country would like to see it become.



A Forecast

THERE'S no doubt about the result of the Ohio election. One half the Democratic party will bolt the candidates and the other half will bolt the platform.



Fools and The Flag

A GREAT hullabaloo has been raised about the suppression of the *Irish World* because that paper published a political cartoon in which certain words, critical of the Administration, were printed upon a picture of the American flag. The action was simply idiotic. And that it was so is shown by the advertising the *Irish World* has received as a result of the incident. The suppression gave the cartoon an effectiveness it would not otherwise have had. The action was taken by a society crank and it has made the society absurd. No one believes in defiling the flag, but to charge that a sentiment on the flag in favor of a conception of free government, even if opposed to the Administration's alleged misconception of free government, is a defilement, is the act of an impertinently officious lunatic. The incident points out for us again the danger of those societies in this country for the regulation of other peoples' affairs. The flag preservation society, with the best intentions in the world, becomes a nuisance, because it is headed by a fadist and freak. We need no society to prosecute those who would desecrate the flag. The authorities should do such things and we may be sure will prosecute when the national symbol is really desecrated, but no sane official would say that the inscription of a patriotic sentiment on the flag, even if the sentiment were the patriotism of the other side in politics, was a desecration of the banner. Even the flag needs protection from its friends when those friends are fools. They desecrate the flag when they make it the excuse for such interference with the liberty of the press as is involved in the suppression of the *Irish World* containing the flag cartoon.



The Drouth

THE most trustworthy authorities in the country declare, in spite of the sensationalists, that the drouth is not at all likely to do as much damage as has been estimated. The crops will be smaller than usual, but they will not be reduced to anything like a minimum. The markets are bound to recover from the effects of the scare. There is no occasion for anyone to worry over the drouth as a deadener upon national prosperity.



Belated Recognition

THE Messrs. Robison have been for some years trying to resuscitate base ball in this city and without much encouragement from quarters whence they had a right to expect it. They went ahead, however, always keeping their temper, always trying to show that base ball and gentlemanliness were not utterly contradictory ideas. They were not always appreciated, but they pegged away, lost money, met with disaster, were unjustly criticized. And now they've got a team that all St. Louisans turn out to see, that all St. Louisans are proud of. They have twenty thousand

people at a Sunday game and as many as three ten-thousand crowds at a week-day game. They are making money. I'm glad of it. The Robisons have won out in their struggle by sheer force of pluck and decency. They have done it at a time when their success is as valuable to St. Louis as to themselves. They advertise the city effectively at just the time the advertisement is most desirable, just as it is in order to keep the city and its coming World's Fair before the people. The Robisons never had a hard-luck story to tell. They never were on the look-out for sympathy. They built up their ball team and their success by hard and intelligently directed work, and their team will rank with the best of the base ball professionals in the matter of general and individual decency not less than efficiency. The St. Louis team will win the championship this year or come so close the winner will have to swallow its own heart before taking down the trophy. All St. Louis should take its hat off to the Messrs. Robison, upon whom it looked askance and otherwise treated with scant courtesy when they were doing the work the results of which are seen to-day.



The Youngers

THE Youngers, just released from the Minnesota penitentiary, should come back to Missouri. Behold the honor in which Col. Frank James is held in this great State for just such exploits as those for which the Youngers have done their quarter of a century service! The Youngers might even come back and run for office as Quantrell heroes who protracted their war against the oppressive North far into the seventies.



Protection of Witnesses

THE New York judge who rendered a decision restricting lawyers in probing into those private affairs of litigants not directly connected with the cause at issue, has rendered the community a service. The case he decided was one in which a valet sued one of the Gould boys for back pay and damages for an accident sustained in young Gould's employ. The valet's lawyer undertook to bring out in court all the nasty things the valet could allege as to young Gould's conduct, and not only that, but ugly stories as to Gould's wife. The stories, if true, had no bearing upon the valet's claim. They were dragged in only to humiliate Mr. and Mrs. Gould. They were stories which, evidently, the valet and his lawyer thought Mr. Gould would prevent from coming out at any cost. But Mr. Gould wouldn't stand that sort of blackmail. The court, in reversing the decision against Mr. Gould, lays down the law in a manner that must be gratifying to all lovers of fair play. Justice Mc. Laughlin says: "It cannot be that because a party refuses to submit to a demand made upon him, and himself goes upon the witness stand to contradict testimony given by his adversary, he can by reason of that fact be compelled to divulge the secrets of his life, unless such secrets are connected with or have some bearing upon the matter being tried. A party, when he becomes a witness, is entitled, even on cross-examination, to be protected. Witnesses have some rights which courts are bound to respect. Attacks of the kind set out in this record cannot be made upon one's private life under the guise of cross-examination. Their purpose is either to coerce the party into a settlement or else to unduly and unjustly prejudice the jury against him. Such examinations tend to bring the administration of the law and a trial of action into disrepute, and to lessen the respect which litigants have for the courts." There is need all over the country for such decisions. The practice of disreputable lawyers of filing suits in which they threaten to go into men's or women's private lives and show up their "pasts" has been too successful. Many a person has paid an unjust claim rather than risk the chance of the claimant exposing some incident having no possible relation to the validity of the claim. Many a jury has been prejudiced by such irrelevant testimony. It has been made an engine of extortion and of mental torture. What all the courts should do is to put a check upon the scope of cross-examination of witnesses. The cross-examination is often nothing but a

device to besmirch the witness. Often a suit is entered for no other purpose than that some one may be cross-examined in such a way as to get before the public certain questions implying disgraceful conduct. The questions are all that is needed. The answers don't count. The witness may deny the charges. That doesn't matter. He or she was expected to do that, and the imputation sticks to the victim. The case may be lost, but the court has been used for the gratification of private malice, the wrong is done and the victim has no redress. The courts cannot be too strict in their rules for the protection of witnesses from the schemes of blackmailers and shyster lawyers.

An Offset

ONE wonders whether one day of prayer will offset about twenty-five days of strenuous swearing at the weather we have been having.

At East Aurora

OUR delectable friend Fra Elbertus has written a four-page article, in the New York *Independent*, upon "The Religious Situation at East Aurora." The soulful Fra has lost his capacity for condensation. He might have summed up his subject in the simple title of the famous dialect poem about the German Emperor for a recitation of which Naval Captain Coghlan got into so much hot water not very long ago. The religious situation at East Aurora, as Fra Elbertus sees it, is a case of "Meinselluf und Gott."

The End of a Humorist

WHAT a grim jest it is that Robert H. Newell, famous forty years ago as the great joker "Orpheus C. Kerr," should have for obituary, not the gladsome reminiscences of his fun-making, but the sordid story of his "ruin" by Adah Isaacs Menken. He died poor, old, forgotten and all his jests ignored. The only thing really remembered of him is that he was one of a long line of lovers of a beautiful light-o-love, whose conquests extended from John C. Heenan, the prize-fighter, to Victor Hugo; a woman who rode in semi-nudity on the stage as *Mazeppa* and published a book of poems called "Infelice" that contained at least one genuine gem of lament. Orpheus C. Kerr was one of a once mighty tribe of humorists. He ranked for a while with John Phoenix, Philander Doesticks, Petroleum V. Nasby and Josh Billings. They have all vanished in the void and their laughter has fallen on silence. They had their happy hour and they shared it with the world. Their books are now utterly unreadable. The world does not long remember its fun-makers. It loves longer those who make it weep. It cares more for Newell's bitter experience, as the husband of the Menken, than for all his happy hits at his contemporaries. The poet was right who intimated that "Grief is a fixed star and Joy a vane that veers," and the fact that a man loved a woman, even an unworthy woman, and loved her unhappily, will be counted to him for more than that he made a world laugh at his wit or wonder at his wisdom.

The Case of Captain Strong

CAPTAIN PUTNAM BRADLEE STRONG has pretty thoroughly disgraced the United States army uniform by his open and notorious liaison with the noblewoman who was May Yohe. It was earnestly hoped that political and social pull would not be strong enough to enable the officer to escape through a resignation. Strong's offense was so glaring and rare in the history of the army that he should have been made an example of. If he had been signally punished now, we might have been assured that in the future none of our officers in the new possessions would ever dare to flaunt their lemans before the reputable and respectable people in the larger cities of our dependencies. The acceptance of Captain Strong's resignation, however, has made such actions as he stood accused of seem but the merest trifles.

The White Man in the Tropics

WE appear to have annexed the tropical climate. Many people will argue from the effects of the long, hot spell that the white man will not be able to keep up his gait of

progress in the tropics, but they will argue from insufficient premises. The heat wave has not paralyzed business. The American merchant hasn't yet taken to the tropical *siesta*. The worker who cares for himself has not been prostrated and the great stores and factories have not, in two or three weeks, shown any inclination to develop the manana habit. The white man will do business in the tropics just as he does it here in summer and he will go ahead just as he always has done, because he has found out that the best way to get through the heated term is to be busy enough to forget that the weather is hot.

A Tip

ST. LOUIS must have a pure, clear water supply for the World's Fair and we will get it, naturally, from a Mayor named Wells.

South Carolina's Liquor Tax

IT's a hard matter to keep the Carolinas in the Union. South Carolina now wants the United States to give it back all the revenue tax the State paid on the liquor sold in its dispensaries. The State claims that it should not pay taxes on its whiskey business, because of the rule that all State property is exempt from taxation. If the State were not in the whiskey business, just as any individual might be in the business, for profit, the contention in favor of exemption from the internal revenue tax might hold good, but the fact is that the State stands to the United States in this matter in exactly the same relation that any large private corporation might stand. It is engaged in the wholesale and retail liquor trade. The entire liquor traffic of the State is conducted in State dispensaries. The State buys all the liquor used by the people and it is sold to them in large or small quantities at the dispensaries, as the State saloons are called. The State can no more escape taxation than any other dealer. South Carolina will not be able to force the Government to refund it some \$200,000 of internal revenue.

Roosevelt

THAT Presidential boom for Odell was launched too soon and too perfunctorily. There is a time for silence and Theodore Roosevelt is able to tell time. The bosses can't beat Roosevelt out of the Republican nomination for President, if he wants it.

Mr. McGaffey's Sonnets

THEY told us poetry was dead. But the real thing in poetry is not dead. The first edition of Ernest McGaffey's "SONNETS TO A WIFE" is almost completely sold out on orders direct to the MIRROR office. Copies of this first edition are going to be valuable to collectors of American higher literature, in a few years. And the literary historian of the future will say that the best sustained effort in American song between the date of "Evangeline" and the first year of the Twentieth Century was given to the world from the city of St. Louis.

China and the Hague

It seems probable that, after all, the Powers might find it to their interests to accept the original suggestion of Uncle Sam, and leave the settlement of the Chinese muddle as to indemnity, method of collecting it and all other points of dispute to the Hague Court of Arbitration. The Powers are so distrustful of one another that they cannot agree for any length of time on anything. They are all distrustful of Russia, and with good reason, for Russia doesn't give any sign of letting go her hold on China in the north, and the best posted authorities firmly believe that Russian influences are strong with the Chinese court. Unless the whole subject be thrown into the Hague court, it does not seem possible that there can be any end to the situation other than a war between the Powers over some at present unforeseen acute complication. The Czar practically called the Hague court into existence and it is a part of Uncle Sam's Yankee wisdom to suggest that the best if not the only possible way to get at the Russians is through a decision of this court that all the other Powers could con-

sistently back up with force of arms against Russia. If the Hague Court of Arbitration be not the institution to settle such international difficulties as those with and about China it is good for nothing, and might as well be abolished. It is clear, however, that the United States' suggestion is not welcomed by the Powers. Each Power is letting events shape themselves in the hope that the results will be some advantage to that Power. Meanwhile nobody knows what China is thinking about or when there may be another Boxer outbreak, and furthermore there are those who believe that Russia is furnishing, in some way, a support to the Boers in order to keep England from taking too strong a hand in bringing the Chinese crisis to a settlement. If England and the United States agreed on the suggestion of leaving the matter to the Hague for settlement it is probable that Japan would join in with them and those three would be an influence not easily resisted. It is clear, from the dispatches, that there is no complete pacification of China, that uprisings and outbreaks are continually occurring in the interior and it seems that the Powers have only made a temporary peace along the coast and in the coast provinces. China may be preparing some sort of stroke that cannot be guessed at. The Chinese National spirit was not killed at Peking and unless some arbitration be reached pretty soon it is possible that the Chinese may rise against the hated foreigners once more. It is a reproach to civilization that the settlement between the Powers proceeds so slowly. Delay is dangerous to the future of China and to the peace of the world. What is the Hague Court of Arbitration for, if not for the peaceable adjudication of just such muddles as the one in China?

Bogus Brokerage

THE Wall street game is a pretty bad one to go up against, but the St. Louis improvement thereon, as revealed in the investigation of the affairs of a defunct brokerage concern, beats it all hollow. This concern was bankrupt two years before it suspended, but it went on doing business upon the margins put up by its customers. The customers gave orders that were never carried out. They were put off with bogus paper profits or, when they guessed the market wrong, were told their money was lost. Accounts with straw-men, dead men and insane men were carried on the firm's books to hide the juggling with others peoples' money. To crown everything, when customers gave collateral securities with promissory notes to cover losses the givers had never really made, the collateral was taken from the notes and put up as the firm's own at the banks. There never was before, in this part of the country, such a wild-cat scheme. It beat the get-rich-quick game, except that the person who put up the game couldn't beat the market with the money he took from other people. The firm made only a pretence of buying and selling stocks and grain. It just took the money of those who came along and did anything with it except what it was told to do. And the game went on for more than two years, without one of its hundreds of victims suspecting the skinning to which they were being subjected. Misrepresentation, misappropriation, breach of trust, embezzlement—all these practices were part of the scheme that flourished for two years, and a scheme that was flourishing at the expense of some of the smartest people in the city. It seems that the penitentiary looms up for somebody at the end of the present investigation. It seems, too, that there should be some means whereby such continuous fraud and speculation could be prevented. The firm in question stood well. It claimed to be almost the ranking brokerage office in the city. Its patrons were from among the shrewdest speculators, and its customers were scattered all over the West, many of them officers of country banks. If officers of banks in the country, or in the city for that matter, cannot scent a rat when they dip into a deal with a concern conducted as was the firm in question, it is no wonder that common suckers are so easily "done." No better service can be done the community than for the daily papers to give the fullest publicity to the revelations

The Mirror

of the means by which the public were mulcted of money by the financial "shell-men." It will make speculators careful in future, and it will only affect other brokers to the extent of sending speculation to those whose characters are a guarantee of their honesty.

A Statue of Napoleon

THERE is a great deal of foolish opposition to the *Globe-Democrat's* proposition that a fine statue of Napoleon shall be a feature of the World's Fair in this city in 1903. There would be nothing incongruous about such a statue in a display celebrating the transfer of Louisiana Territory. Napoleon was certainly an important factor in that transfer, and there is ground for presuming that he knew better than most Americans at the time, something of the stupendous results that were to flow from his act of cession. He didn't sell the territory for love of the United States, nor, altogether, because of hatred for England, but because he had to. He understood, nevertheless, that he had given this country a domain that would add to this nation's greatness. If the World's Fair is to be "an exposition of man," as has been said, there would be nothing out of place in honoring Napoleon for his share in the event commemorated, for Napoleon was considerable of a man and a man whose influence is vital in the world through the act that gave us the region west of the Mississippi. There is no sense in the cry that no monument should be raised in this land to an Emperor. The proposition is that the monument be raised to the man Napoleon. To be sure, it would be folly to erect a monument to Napoleon without, at the same time, dedicating a monument to Jefferson. The two men should appear near each other in lasting bronze. Let us have statues of both great men who arranged the Louisiana purchase, only let them be good artistic, enduring statues and nothing like the hideous flimsy Columbus that pained the people at the Chicago Fair in 1893.

Childe Roland To The Tower Came

MR. THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, has discovered Browning's "profoundest poem." It is entitled *Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came*. Mr. Higginson declares it is of rank with "the great imaginative works, with 'Christabel' and 'The Ancient Mariner,' and so unspeakably above Poe's 'Raven' that one is surprised to have heard it mentioned in the comparison; but the poet himself has left us no key to it outside of his own lines. And the criticism of others stops before it, mainly because of its supreme excellence." Its profundity, in other words, is so deep as to be beyond all plummeting. Mr. Higginson tells us that we see on reflection that "there is really a Dark Tower in every thoughtful person's life, and that consequently the tower differs for each person. 'The Tower symbolizes the supreme aim of one's life at any moment,—something which may be a secret to one's next-door neighbor, to one's husband, wife, or children, and, very likely, to oneself, since we are as often guided by unconscious temperament as by deliberate purpose.' At least, the tower stands for some controlling action to which all events and purposes have led up,—some experience never, perhaps, to be estimated at its full value until the leisure of the future life,—if that be leisure, which I doubt, at least for New England souls." How lucid all that is! The tower stands for something. Oh Delphos, perhaps the tower stands for a tower, in which case how very extraordinary! Note that touch too about New England souls. Those souls are too strenuous for eternal leisure. They couldn't keep from meddling with other people's business, and with problems like this of *Childe Roland* and the Dark Tower. Ah, how wise that maid who thought that Heaven might be a beastly bore, after Boston! But hearken unto Mr. Higginson. "For Browning the tower of 'Childe Roland' was a thing as real, as clearly to be dealt with, as little to be evaded, as a moon-rise or an earthquake. It was a fact in the universe." Isn't that astonishing? But not more astonishing than the declaration "that there is nothing about the poem that does

not belong to our New England scenery," to which Mr. Higginson adds, "nothing except the tower itself; and that is the most real thing about it, precisely because we cannot see it, except in imagination." That is all limpidly clear to even a Digger Indian's intelligence. Mr. Higginson thinks the poem is Browning's "profoundest attempt to touch the mystery of life." "The Dark Tower is the supreme secret of each man's existence." Well it remains a secret, and therefore means nothing. We read on in Mr. Higginson's explication of the poem and we learn that "the critics exhaust their variety of conjecture to show what it all means. Dr. Furnivall states that he asked Browning three times whether the poem was an allegory, and that Browning had said each time that it was simply dramatic—as if any human being could tell where 'dramatic' ends and 'allegory' begins! Given what is dramatic enough, and every human being may draw its own allegory from it, Mr. Kirkman and Mr. Sears Cook think the tower means death; Mrs. R. Gratz Allen interprets the moral as lying in sin and punishment; Mrs. Orr and Mrs. Drewry find that it stands for life and truth; Prof. Arlo Bates 'can think of nothing more heroic, more noble, more inspiring,' than the whole poem. As I said, every man finds in it his own tower; and, the more towers suggested, the greater tribute to the spell, as woven by Browning. Life's supreme mystery,—that is the Dark Tower. It is the scene of each man's problem, the point to which all the paths of his life for the time converge, the concentration of the soul upon its own crisis, its own conflict. It is rarely that any one else knows precisely what his neighbor's Dark Tower is. Even the time of his approach to it is very likely unknown to his dearest friend. In a long life, or one long in emotion, if not in years, he may even pass through several such towers in succession; he never forgets how he felt when he approached them; but, strange to say, he forgets his exit from them. When he passed through one and has turned around, the Dark Tower has disappeared: even Browning provides no outlet from it; but, fortunately, life does very often, and we emerge. Browning's hero naturally sees, for the moment, in imagination, all previous adventures as lost. Yet each may, without his knowing it, have lived through the day, and conquered his tower by facing it; and each commonplace friend by his side, did he but know it, may have survived a greater peril than his own life." The Dark Tower isn't there at all. It isn't a tower at all. It may be anything in the heavens above or the earth beneath or the waters under the earth. And *Childe Roland* may be you or I or Billy Patterson or Tom Collins or Abe Slusky. No one knows who he is or where he is "at;" doesn't know when he comes to the tower, whether he gets in or how he gets out, and isn't sure whether he sees one tower or thirty towers. Mr. Browning said the poem was dramatic, but Mr. Browning didn't know. The only trouble with Mr. Browning was that he didn't know as much about the poem as his interpreters didn't know. Mr. Browning's own obscurity is not sufficient to his commentators. They have to multiply that obscurity by itself and then by their own and then shake up all the resultant obscurities until they look like a Bohemian sentence with dislocation of the spine. Mr. Higginson's article, taken from *Poet Love*, is the very sublimity of obfuscation. It succeeds in making the poem in question absolutely meaningless, for no poem can mean anything or everything you please. After reading Mr. Higginson's elucidation of the subject I am convinced that he is the Tower and that he is, as they say in Texas, "darker than the inside of a cow."

Navigating the Air

DUMONT, the French scientist, thinks he has solved the problem of navigating the air, but from what one can make out of the cablegrams on the subject, his claim is not substantiated. He has not, apparently, gone much beyond the balloon idea, and the balloon is an uncertain bit of engineering as to dirigibility. The balloon's structure renders it particularly helpless before any moderate breeze and the only way to diminish this helplessness is by adding weight.

Adding weight to the balloon soon reaches a point at which the balloon will not soar, while no amount of weight that might possibly be raised by gas would be sufficient to withstand a wind that might be harmless to a ship whose resistance is aided by the water on which she sails. When the dirigibility of a balloon depends upon unloading ballast it is easy to see that when the ballast has been unloaded it cannot be replaced without descent to the earth and before that descent could be made the lightening of the balloon's load might be just the thing to help a breeze nullify all possible mechanical dirigibility that might be devised. It does not seem likely that any structure that could be built along the lines of the balloon could withstand a strong wind, not even if it were as great as the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*. It would be a mere chip in a wind that might hardly effect a smaller structure in the sea or on land. The gas feature of balloons is a source of danger that it will be difficult to minimize. Of course there will be successful small machines for navigating the air for small distances, but it will be a great length of time until we shall have any general travel through the air or see the "airy navies grappling in the central blue." "The way of a bird in the air," which, Solomon told us, is past finding out, contains the secret of aeronautics, but the largest bird ever known is very small compared with the sort of structure we shall need to realize the dreams of those who talk of aerial Cunarders, and it is probable that nothing man can make in this direction will be able to withstand the force of winds that may play over, under and upon either side of it when it has no adequate anchorage to the earth.

A Change in Opinion

THE lady whom Mr. Pierre Lorillard remembered in his will is now the one personage in whom all Gotham is interested. This lady wasn't married to Mr. Lorillard; in fact, another lady was married to him. This lady, however, was always with him at his country places, on his yachts and houseboats, on his trips to Europe, and was his very dear friend. Mr. Lorillard left her a handsome bequest, and now the Lorillard relatives are kicking, especially, we are told, the relatives of Mr. Lorillard's wife. It is amusing to note the terms of great respect in which the New York papers refer to this very dear friend of Mr. Lorillard. She couldn't possibly be treated with more consideration if she had been something other than she was. Mr. Lorillard's relations with her are accepted as having been quite a matter of course and nothing out of the ordinary; in fact we are led to believe that such things may quite commonly prevail among the wealthy set in Gotham. The matter is significant only for the attitude of the public toward it. Fifty or even twenty-five years ago such a thing would have been a grave scandal to the country. Now it is only a "romance." Not long ago no wealthy American would defy public opinion by remembering "his lady friend" in his will, and the papers, in the event of such a thing, would have bristled with editorials against such immorality. The churches would have thundered their condemnation. But to day the Lorillard "romance" is something in which the people at large seem to take a kindly, sympathetic interest. One wonders whether American conscience and American opinion are what they were thirty years ago. The only people who seem to care for questions of morality, these days, are people who care for them too much and in the wrong way and are thus liable to being catalogued with cranks. The conditions in society implied by the matter-of-fact acceptance of the Lorillard "romance" would indicate that there isn't anything left of the famous New England conscience. Our rich men appear to have won the right to do as they please in all matters, just as, for a long time, the noblemen of England and France were in the habit of doing. There is no intention to speak ill of the dead Mr. Lorillard in this connection. The comment is directed to the fact that such a case as his devotion for years "to a lady friend," is regarded as being nothing out of the usual run, or at all reprehensible. This is a sign that public opinion is changing, and if public opinion is changing, there must be com-

ing a great change in conduct, since opinion is what rules the world. Pretty soon we may expect to hear it argued that it is better to accept such things as facts, simply and without either indignation or surprise, than to fool ourselves by pretending that they don't exist. Is our morality becoming altogether Parisian?

Uncle Fuller.

KHAMSIN.

O H, the wind from the desert blew in!—
Khamzin,
The wind from the desert blew in!
It blew from the heart of the fiery south,
From the fervid sand and the hills of drouth,
And it kissed the land with its scorching mouth;
The wind from the desert blew in!

It blasted the buds on the almond bough,
And shrivelled the fruit on the orange tree;
The wizened dervish breathed no vow,
So weary and parched was he.
The lean muezzin could not cry;
The dogs ran mad, and bayed the sky;
The hot sun shone like a copper disk,
And prone in the shade of an obelisk
The water-carrier sank with a sigh,
For limp and dry was his water-skin;
And the wind from the desert blew in.

The camel crouched by the crumbling wall,
And oh, the pitiful moan it made!
The minarets, taper and slim and tall,
Reeled and swam in the brazen light;
And prayers went up by day and night,
But thin and drawn were the lips that prayed.
The river writhed in its slimy bed,
Shrunk to a tortuous, turbid thread;
The burnt earth cracked like a cloven rind;
And still the wind, the ruthless wind,
The wind from the desert blew in,
Khamzin.

Into the cool of the mosque it crept,
Where the poor sought rest at the Prophet's shrine;
Its breath was fire to the jasmine vine;
It fevered the brow of the maid who slept,
And men grew haggard with the revel of wine.
The tiny fledgelings died in the nest;
The sick babe gasped at the mother's breast,
Then a rumor rose and swelled and spread
From a tremulous whisper, faint and vague,
Till it burst in a terrible cry of dread,
The plague! the plague! the plague!—

Oh the wind, Khamzin,
The scourge from the desert, blew in!

Clinton Scollard.

THE BUSINESS SITUATION.

CAUSE FOR CONSERVATISM BUT NOT FOR ALARM.

THE usual summer dullness in Wall street has been seriously interrupted, in the last ten days, by a sudden and sensational decline in stocks, higher money rates and vigorous liquidation. In spite of occasional strong support, stocks declined very easily and were thrown overboard with more or less disregard of prices. The complacency of holders has given way to distrust, anxiety and pessimism; there is a vague feeling that "something is going to happen somewhere;" that prosperity cannot last much longer, and that the top has been seen. Of course, after an idea of this kind has once seized the community of investors and speculators, it does not take long to find reflection in security-values. The average outsider (to use Wall street's euphemistic phrase) does not listen much to reason or argument; he is more influenced by sentiment than anything else. He does not consider determining

factors very closely, and generally buys or sells because somebody else is doing it.

This is, of course, not very complimentary to the outsider, but is based on facts and close observation. If Wall street wishes to create a scare among holders of stocks, so as to be able to buy at cheap prices, success is assured in advance. Any old thing will do in such emergencies; sometimes the mental ingenuity of bears brings forth stories that would make a horse laugh, and that are yet sufficient to convulse all speculative markets and induce a frantic rush to sell. There is nothing that will gladden the unscrupulous heart of the bear more than a real, old-fashioned scare among the public, with its concomitant slaughter of values and tempting bargains. After the task has been accomplished, the bear-stories will disappear as quickly as ice in the July sun; stocks have been absorbed by leading, shrewd financial interests and market leaders, and the former bear will tell you, with a brazen, cynical smile, that the situation shows much improvement and that prospects favor higher prices again. Wall street does not care a rap about the heart-ache of swindled, deluded people, who have lost their stocks at bottom-prices, and, a few days after the cataclysm, see them on the up-grade once more.

At the present time, the bear faction is once more reigning supreme in Wall street councils and stocks are dropping right and left, many of them having lost from 10 to 35 points. Now the question is: "Are there any logical reasons for the depreciation?" Leaving all matters of sentiment out of consideration, it cannot be denied that there is, as things now stand, sufficient cause to be prudent and wary in making investments. Some of the leading Wall street stocks are entirely too high, considering their intrinsic merits. People had been overdoing it; they had gone "daffy" on shares that never paid a dividend and never will. While the rise in values, in the past three years, was amply justified, it had been carried too far in many instances; people had lost all conception about the true standard of value and investment yield, and based their calculations on factors that can never be permanent.

There are, for instance, the shares of corn-carrying roads. Some of these stocks sold at \$5 per share, only a few years ago, while at this writing, after the late shrinkage in values, they are quoted at from 75 to 98. Great stress had been laid on the fancied results of the community-of-interest-policy, while such a substantial factor as the failure of the corn crop received hardly any attention at all. It is, therefore, no wonder that people lost their heads, when they detected signs of genuine scare and liquidation among important holders of stocks of this class, and deep concern about drought reports from the West and Southwest. It had been forgotten that we are still an agricultural country, and that farming products form the principal tonnage of western railroads. Crop failures reduce the purchasing power of the community, and, both directly and indirectly, lead to a curtailment of traffic movement.

In addition to the scare regarding the corn crop, speculative markets are disturbed by the gloomy news from Europe, especially Germany, where the utmost industrial depression is now leading to one suspension after another. Credit is contracting, and this, of course, spells ruin to many business concerns and security-holders. Credit forms the basis of modern business, and any contraction of it is quickly and decisively felt in all lines of trade and industry. Owing to the close interdependence of nations at the present time, the business depression in Germany and other European countries is bound to be felt here, sooner or later. American stocks have been sold in big blocks of late by European holders, and this, of course, accelerated the decline on this side, and necessitated the shipments of gold to Germany and France. The purchasing power of European nations is shrinking, and the more it shrinks, the worse it is for us.

Conditions in the iron and steel trade are especially gloomy on the other side of the Atlantic. This accounts for the gradual falling off in our exports of manufactured products, and the desire of American man-

ufacturers to sell at lower prices abroad than at home. As long as domestic consumption is active and urgent, the restriction of our foreign markets will not be regarded with great anxiety, but there will undoubtedly be a severe slashing of prices as soon as the home markets begin to reflect a subsiding of the tidal wave of prosperity, and to sympathize with the markets abroad. When that time arrives, Mr. J. P. Morgan will have all the trouble and excitement he may care for in trying to maintain the credit of his U. S. Steel Corporation and the value of its securities.

The recent bank failures have also aroused suspicion in speculative circles. They have revealed the weak points in the present business situation. There have been too many loans made on securities of doubtful value, and which cannot be readily realized upon. It is to be hoped that the conservative banking interests will adopt measures of caution, and discriminate carefully hereafter in accepting collateral. Much mischief can be prevented by wise and timely action.

After the present squall in Wall street is over, stocks will begin to climb upward again. Some leading stocks will not, however, reach their previous tops any more. Speculators will exercise more discrimination and confine themselves to issues that have not as yet been over-boomed and are still selling at decent prices. Besides this, the money market is not very easy. The New York bank loans are distended and reserves low, and with the crop-moving season rapidly approaching, the probability of a wild stock-boom is out of the question, and will not be countenanced by leading banks, until the atmosphere has become clearer and the tide in general business more clearly revealed itself. Bank clearances and railroad earnings still reflect a very prosperous state of affairs throughout the country, and it would be rash and foolish to assert that the bottom will soon drop out of everything. There is, so far, no reason to be pessimistic about the near future, or to indulge in visions of a disastrous panic. Conditions are different from what they were in 1893.

Francis A. Huter.

SOME FALLACIES ABOUT JEWS.

THEIR GREATEST SUCCESSES NOT IN FINANCIAL FIELDS.

IT is less easy to demolish a fallacy than to uproot a prejudice, for while the prejudice is wholly a creature of the imagination, the fallacy has a supposititious foundation in fact. A man's prejudices, too, are for his secret cherishing; he will not, for very shame, dandle them on his knee before curious eyes. But he will tenaciously adhere to an ignorantly conceived fallacy and resent its exposure as a personal affront. One reason why fallacies are "tenoned and mortised in the granite" of our understandings is that we delegate our thinking to others that we may have the more time left for life's frivolities.

The belief that Jews are pre-eminent in commercial pursuits only is so widespread that to dispel it were almost a Titanic task. Statistics, ever the uncompromising foe of fallacious belief, clearly disprove this paramountcy in wealth, for of all civilized nations, the Jews are least free from pauperism. The 600,000 living in Asia and Africa are poor according to our standards of living. The vast majority of the four and a half millions living in Eastern Europe are in straitened circumstances. Among the three million Russian Jews only a scattering few have managed to lift themselves above the level of their impoverished brethren. Some years ago the *New York Herald* published a list of American millionaires. From A to Z but one Jewish name was recorded (that of Seligman Bros.) On the Continent, besides the Rothschilds, not more than fifteen instances can be cited of Jewish families acquiring vast wealth. Unassailable figures point out that Jews everywhere have a larger proportion of persons dependent upon charity than surrounding populations. In Amsterdam, in 1877, out of a population of 32,500 Jews, no less than 13,000 subsisted on the bounty of their co-religionists. Of London's Jewish population of 46,000, in 1882, 11,099 were objects of charity.

This much in rebuttal of the familiar phrase "rich as a

Jew." Now to show what really splendid achievements the Hebrew has made in the sciences and the arts of music, letters and the drama. In sculpture and painting he has, singularly enough, shown no proficiency.* There are Jewish artists, it is true, but no one of the number has attained to any distinction.

In reviewing the other than commercial exploits of the Jews it would be unfair to confine myself to the followers of the Israelitish faith. A proper estimate of Jewish ability should embrace racial as well as religionistic instances. And it is not without interest to note the number of celebrities of half Jewish blood. In the perfumer's art the animal-smelling musk, gross and sensual in itself, is found to be an indispensable ingredient, in more or less varying proportions, in the most delicate bouquets. A few corpuscles of Jewish blood in the veins of an alien race have often proved to be a most precious heritage.

Heine, the modern incarnation of Hellenic paganism, rightly called the brother of Catullus and Villon and Burns, was Germany's greatest lyric poet. Writhing in torture upon his mattress-grave, this Græco-Germanic Jew cried out in bitterness of defeat: "Alas! the irony of God weighs heavily upon me: the great Author of the universe, the Aristophanes of Heaven, wished to show the petty, earthly, so-called German Aristophanes that his mightiest sarcasms are but feeble banter compared with His, and how immeasurably He excels me in humor and in colossal wit." The best English translations of Heine's verse have been rendered by a poet of his own faith, the gifted Emma Lazarus. Another Jewish poet, whose life spelled a tragic poem, was Amy Levy. This weaver of sad phrases of undeniable beauty clipped with fateful shears the thread of her own life before her thirtieth year.

Of living French litterateurs there is no one of more varied gifts than the Jew, Catulle Mendes, who can tell a story or pen a sonnet of flawless beauty with equal facility. In Vance Thompson's interesting if somewhat posaic "French Portraits" I find this sketch of Mendes. "He has played a very important role—if not the most important—in the French literature of the last twenty-five years; he created a mode that attracted and influenced all the poets of his generation. He is the most accomplished man of letters living—master of all the artifices and secrets of literature."

Mr. H. Spielmann, an Israelite, has given us an entertaining chronicle of *London Punch*, that much laughed-at and laughed-with journal.

Jules Verne, whose marvelous imagination has anticipated modern science, and M. de Blowitz, whose equally inventive imagination has so long illumined the dull pages of the *London Thunderer*, are both of Abraham's seed.

In the mimetic art no one has achieved fairer renown than Rachel and Sara Bernhardt, and, though a star of lesser magnitude, our own poor Selina Dolaro, also a Jewess, shone resplendent some dozen or more years ago. Of writers on the drama not one is more trenchant and withal more satisfying in his critiques on the player than Chas. Frederic Nirdlinger.

In the art that Pater and Balzac agree in calling the art transcendent the Jew has shown marked proficiency. Mere mention of their names must suffice, each one of which possesses its own talisman. Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Moscheles, Salaman, Offenbach, Rubenstein and Paderewski would adorn the annals of any race.

Political economy also has attracted here and there a Jew whose name is writ high on the scrolls of this dismal science.—Ricardo, Ferdinand Lasalle and Karl Marx. Cesare Lombroso, the Italian criminologist is a Jew and so were Prof. Darmesteter, the French Orientalist, Emin Pasha, the blazer of new paths amid African jungles, and the Herschells, who discovered new worlds "in that inverted bowl we call the sky."

*The writer forgets that the commandment against idolatry is sufficient to account for the absence of a Jewish art of sculpture or painting. The rigidity of the law against images operated to repress every tendency of the Jews in this direction.

The distinguished English folklorist, Joseph Jacobs, is a Jew, as is also Sidney Lee, the celebrated Shakespearean scholar and editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

It was the Jewish race, too, that gave to England her great premier and the other Disraeli who left behind him "Curiosities of English Literature." Another Hebrew who wrought well in letters, was the German novelist, Auerbach.

Though less well known to English-speaking races, there are two Jews in Continental Europe who are recognized the world over as authorities in their several lines. I refer to Jean de Bloch and Georg Brandes, De Bloch, actual Councillor of State of Russia, and member of the *comité des savants* of the Ministry of Finance, has built many thousand versts of Russian and Polish railways and written a number of able and informative works on war. His "War of the Future" greatly impressed the Czar and was widely commented upon in this country during the sessions of the Hague Peace Conference. Georg Brandes, a native of Copenhagen, is better known in America through translations of his critical studies on Shakespeare and Ibsen. It is an unfortunate statement to have to make, but truth compels it, that neither America nor England has to-day a literary critic comparable with this Danish professor.

With mention of I. Zangwill, whose "Without Prejudice" so long made the pages of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, I shall pass on to celebrities of part Jewish blood—no mean array of names. They are George Ebers, Paul Heyse, Ludovic Halevy, Edwin Booth, Sir Arthur Sullivan.

In presenting this paper I have carefully sought to include only such as have won distinction, and as I am not a Jew, and have formed few friendships among the race, I can the better present these facts for the demolition of the fallacy that all Jews are Shylocks.

S. O. Howes.

THREE ACTRESSES.

CHARMS OF SADA YACCO, BERNHARDT AND REJANE.

Recently there were in London at the same time the Japanese actress Sada Yacco, Sara Bernhardt and Rejane. The appended article by Max Beerbohm "compares these incomparables."

IN the art of acting, obviously, the personality of the artist is more important than in any other art. To excel in any art postulates an excellent personality; but in literature, or painting, or sculpture, or musical composition, the personality of the artist lurks in the background, to be divined by us merely through the work, whereas in acting, the personality (itself being the artistic medium) is equally and simultaneously visible with the work achieved through it. When we are told of a great writer whom we have never read, our impulse is to ask for a description of his work: what is its subject-matter, style, method? But, when we are told of a great actor whom we have not seen, our first question is "What kind of a man is he?" Having heard whether he be tall or short, Jew or Gentile, robust or ethereal, and what kind of a voice he has, we ask for details about his artistic skill. To know what kind of a man he seems is necessary before we can imagine the effect his acting would produce on us. For, be he never so objective, an actor cannot elude himself; at least, no great actor can. The great actor must have a great personality, and that personality is the starting-point for everything. Impersonate he never so wisely, he cannot much discount it. He may try to absorb it utterly into his part, but only to a slight extent can he succeed in doing so. Usually, the great actor makes no such attempt: he tries merely to absorb the part into himself—to reveal himself through it. Thus on the stage there is a constant contradiction between good art and great art. There the two things have a difference in kind, and not merely, as elsewhere, in degree. The great actors are never the good actors. They cannot, even when they do try to, merge themselves. Neither great nor small actresses ever try to. Any attempt to disguise her face or voice would precipitate an actress into the grotesque. She may play tragedy one night, and comedy the next, and be equally fine in both; but in both she will be frankly the same woman, seen from different angles of herself. And thus, in the case of a great actress

even more surely than in the case of a great actor, the first question must be "What manner of woman is she?" If the great actress be a foreigner, you may even forget to ask subsequently for details of her art. In a foreign language which you do not understand you cannot appreciate the art of the acting. In a foreign language which you do understand you cannot (unless you know the language as perfectly as you know your own) appreciate so well the art of acting as in your own language. But, though details of histrionic art lose something of their savor in crossing frontiers or seas, a woman's personality is equally impressive everywhere—more impressive perhaps, as I shall suggest, away from her own land than in it. Thus especially in the case of those exotic actresses who come annually hither, in more or less force to gladden summer, we are occupied with what they are rather than with what they do or how they do it. What is the secret of Sarah's appeal to us? Why do our hearts go out to Sada Yacco? Why is Rejane enchanting?

If I, Paris-like, were called on to decide which of these three goddesses was most admirable, the apple would, I think, be adjudicated to Sada Yacco. But there would be a long, embarrassed pause before the award, and after it I should beg the empty-handed couple not to treat it too seriously, it being merely impressionistic, and in no sense judicial. "This lady from Tokio," I should insinuate, "may not be nearly so gifted as either of you who come from the city named after me. She may be reckoned by her compatriots as positively plain, positively clumsy and quite unintelligent. In point of her art she may be accounted 'a stick.' But for me, an occidental, a simple shepherd on Mount Ida, somehow she surpasses both of you. It is, doubtless, because she is so remote from my understanding—because her face is a mere inscrutable oval, and her gestures have for me no meaning, and to her gait I know no parallel—that I (deeming fair her face, and fair her gait and gestures), have set her thus above you. She is new to me, and you (daughters of the Latin race) know the tag, *quidquid novi*. She is mysterious to me, and *omne ignotum, propter*. And now, excuse me, I must herd my sheep, which have strayed sadly during this arbitrage." So, bowing inclusively as I shouldered my crook, I should away to my work. But perhaps, ere I had taken many steps down the mountain-side, I should hesitate, halt, look round, and, as a rider to my judgment, bid Sada Yacco let Rejane and Sarah take each a bite of the apple—Rejane, a big bite; Sarah, a small one.

For both those Parisians I have a strongly sentimental admiration. Both are delightful. Sarah, however, delights me now much less than of yore, much less than Rejane delights me. I said just now that no actress ever tried to disguise herself. I was forgetting Sarah. She does try, and the result is (as I said it must inevitably be) ludicrous. As *L'Aiglon* and other young men, she loses herself, but becomes no one else: she becomes merely a coruscating thing. The feat is amazing, but it is not serious art: it is showmanship, or (one needs a monstrous word for it) showwomanmanship. Soon, it seems, we are to inspect her as *Romeo*. Why not (while she is about it) as *Romeo and Juliet*? Some years ago I found in a music hall an "artiste" made up as *Faust* on one side and *Marguerite* on the other singing "Notte d'Amor" in alternate voice and profile. If Sarah had seen him, I am sure she would have taken the hint. Perhaps she will take it now. The more absurd her absurdities become, the better shall I be pleased, for the sooner will she, sick of them, revert to her art and to herself. Her own fascinating self—that is what I miss most keenly. And it is because soon I shall be seeing it again in "Phèdre," and in other parts within its range, that I should so far relent as to allow Sarah that small bite of the awarded apple. It is because Rejane is, duly and consistently, herself, that she would have the privilege of that far bigger bite. Do not mistake my tone for one of patronage. I do not expect her, who is a goddess, to descend upon Mount Ida for my approval. It is I who have been climbing Notting Hill to behold her and kneel to her in the little theatre that caps that windy peak.

But "goddess" is not an appropriate word for her. She excels in virtue of seeming so essentially a mortal woman. Her rareness is not in any peculiarity, but in displaying on the stage, to a supreme degree, every peculiarity of her sex. She sums up in herself her whole sex, with all its typical qualities, good and bad. Sarah—I mean, of course, Sarah proper—might be, aptly enough, called

"goddess" inasmuch as she is quite unlike any other woman. Her voice and her face, her repose and her unrest, her expressions of love or hatred, of despair or gaiety or what you will—none of them ever recalls to you anything else of the kind. Generically feminine and specifically Parisian though she is, she has always a kind of lurid supernaturalness. And, for me, this quality gives her something of that mystery which involves Sada Yacco. Thus, in the tripos of fascination, I should class Sarah proper above Réjane, who has not a smile nor a spread of the hand nor a toss of the head that is not instantly typical of her sex at large. Of course, there is no woman resembling Réjane. It is she who resembles the whole lot of them put together. She is a unique synthesis. That is the secret of her charm.

Considering them strictly as actresses, not merely as women on the stage, one finds not a pin to choose between Sarah and Réjane. Each is equally perfect mistress of her art. Each can use it with equal sureness as medium of self-expression. Creatures so different need, of course, different kinds of drama, and, just as Sarah needs a romance or a classic tragedy, so must Réjane have a play of modern realism. "Sapho," "Ma Cousine," "La Course du Flambeau," "La Parisienne"—it matters little in which you see her. In all of them she is at her very best. In all of them she is Réjane, incarnate woman, seen from one angle or another. She being so, it matters little whether the play you happen to see be good or bad—whether it be an amusing satire, like "La Parisienne," or a "Zaza" down from date, like "Sapho." Réjane, not the play, is "the thing." See her in all her plays. Climb Notting Hill nightly, to see her from all angles and to study all her art. You will not grudge the hardness of the ascent. The air is exhilarating up there, and enthusiasm comes all the more easily by reason of a slight dizziness.

THE IMITATOR.

A NOVEL.

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CHAPTER XVI.

It was the fashionable bathing hour at the most exclusive summer resort on the Atlantic coast. The sand in front of the Surf Club was dotted with gaudy tents and umbrellas. Persons whom not to know was to be unknowable were picturesquely distributed about the club verandahs in wicker chairs and lounges. The eye of an artist would have been distracted by the beauties that were suggested in the half-lifted skirts of this beauty, and revealed in the bathing-suit of that one. The little waves that came politely rippling up the slope of sand seemed to know what was expected of them; they were in nowise rude. They may have longed to ruffle this or that bit of feminine frippery, but they refrained. They may have ached to drown out Orson Vane's voice as he said good morning to everybody in and out of the water; but they permitted themselves no such luxury.

Orson Vane was a beautiful picture as he entered the water. His suit was immaculate; a belt prevented the least wrinkle in his jersey; a rakish sombrero gave his head a sort of halo. He poised a cigarette in one hand, keeping himself afloat with the other. He bowed obsequiously to all the pretty women; he invited all the rich ones to tea and toast—"We always have a little tea and toast at my cottage on Sundays, you know; you'll meet only nice-looking people, really; we have a jolly time." Most of the men he was unable to see; the sunlight on the water did make such a glare.

On the raft Orson Vane found the only Mrs. Carlos.

"If it were not for you, Mrs. Carlos," he assured her, "the ocean would be quite unfashionable."

Mrs. Carlos smiled amiably. Speeches of that sort were part of the tribute the world was expected to pay her. She asked him if the yachts in the harbor were not too pretty for anything.

"No," said Vane, "no. Most melancholy sight. Bring up the wickedness of man, whenever I look at them. I bought a yacht you know, early in the summer. Liked

her looks, made an offer, bought her. A swindle, Mrs. Carlos, an utter swindle. A disgraceful hulk. And now I can't sell her. And my cook is a rascal. Oh—don't mention yachts! And my private car, Mrs. Carlos, you cannot imagine the trials I endure over that! The railroads overcharge me, and the mob comes pottering about with those beastly cameras. Really, you know, I am thinking of living abroad. The theatre is better supported in Europe. I am thinking of devoting my life to the theatre altogether. It is the one true passion. It shows people how life should be lived; it is at once a school of morals and comportment." He peered into the water near the raft. Then he plunged prettily into the sea. "I see that dear little Imogene," he told Mrs. Carlos, as he swam off. Imogene was the little heiress of the house of Carlos; a mere schoolgirl. It was one of Vane's most deliberate appeals for public admiration, this worship of the society of children. He gamboled with all the tots and blossoms he could find. He knew them all by name; they dispelled his shortsightedness marvelously.

After a proper interval Vane appeared, in the coolest of flannels, on the verandah of the Club. He bowed to all the women, whether he knew them or not; he peered under the largest picture hats with an air that said "What sweet creature is hidden here?" as plainly as words.

Someone asked him why he had not been to the Casino the night before.

"Oh," he sighed, "I was fearfully busy."

"Busy?" The word came in a tone of reproach. A suspicion of any sort of toil will brand one more hopelessly in the smart set of America than in any other; one may pretend an occupation but one may not profess it in actuality.

"Oh, terribly busy," said Vane. "I am writing a comedy. I have decided that we must make authorship smarter than it has been. I shall sacrifice myself in that attempt. You've noticed that not one writing-chap in a million knows anything about our little world except what is not true? Yes; it's unmistakable. An entirely false impression of us is given to the world at large. The real picture of us must come from one of ourselves."

"And you will try it?"

"Yes. I shall do my very best. When it is finished I want you all to play parts in it. We must do something for the arts, you know. Why not the arts, as well as tailors and milliners? By the way, I want you all to come to my little lantern-dance to-night, on the *Beaurivage*. It is something quite novel. You must all come disguised as flowers. There will be no lights but Chinese lanterns. I shall have launches ready for you at the Casino landing. My cook is quite sober to-day, and the yacht is as presentable as if she were not an arrant fraud. I mean to have a dance that shall fit the history of society in America. For that reason the newspapers must know nothing about it. There can be no history where there are newspapers. I shall invite nobody who knows how to write; I am the only one whose taste I can trust. Some people write to live, and some live to write. They are all barred to-night. We must try and break all the conventions. Conventions are like the strolling players: made to be broke."

He rattled on in this way, with painful efforts at brilliance, for quite a time. His hearers really considered it brilliance and listened patiently. Summer was not their season for intellectual exertion; it might be a virtue in others, in themselves it would have been a mistake.

The lantern-dance on Orson Vane's *Beaurivage* was, as everyone will remember, an event of exceeding picturesqueness. Mrs. Sclatersby appeared as a carnation; Mrs. Carlos as a rose. Some of the younger and divinely figured women appeared as various blossoms that necessitated imitation of part of Rosalind's costume under the trees. The slender, tapering stem of one white lily, fragrant and delicious, lingered long in the memories of the men who were there.

A sensation was caused by the arrival of Mrs. Barrett Weston. She came in a scow, seated on her automobile. A shriek of delight from the company greeted her. The

weary minds of the elect were really tickled by this conceit. The automobile was arranged to imitate a chrysanthemum. Just before she alighted Mrs. Barrett Weston touched a hidden lever and the automobile began to grind out a rag-time tune.

A stranger, approaching the *Beaurivage* at that moment, might have fancied himself in the politest ward of the most insane of asylums. But Orson Vane found it all most delightful. It was the affair of the season.

"Look," he cried, in the midst of a game of leapfrog in which a number of the younger guests had plunged with desperate glee, "there is the moon. How pitably weak she seems, against this brilliance here! It bears out the theory that art is always finer than nature, and that the theatre is more picturesque than life. Look at what we are doing, this moment! We are imitating pleasure. And will you show me any unconscious pleasure that is so delightful as this?"

By the time people had begun to feel a polite hunger Vane had completed his scheme of having several unwieldy barges brought alongside the *Beaurivage*. There were two of the clumsy but roomy decks on either side of the slender, shapely yacht. Over this now quite wide space the tables were arranged. While the supper went on, Orson Vane did a little monologue of his own. Nobody paid any attention, but everyone applauded.

"What a scene for a comedy," he explained, proudly surveying the picture of the gaiety before him, "what a delicious scene! It is almost real. I must write a play around it. I have quite made up my mind to devote my life to the theatre. It is the only real life. It touches the emotions at all points; it is not isolated in one narrow field of personality. Have I your permission to put you all in my play? How sweet of you! I shall have a scene where we all race in automobiles. We will be quite like dear little children who have their donkey-races. But I think automobiles are so much more intelligent than donkeys, don't you? And they have such profound voices! Have you ever noticed the intonation of the automobiles here? That one of Mrs. Barrett Weston has a delicate tenor; it is always singing love-songs as if it were tired of life. Then we have basses, and baritone, and repulsive falsettos. My automobile has a voice like a phonograph. When it bubbles along the avenue I can hear, as plainly as anything, that it is imitating one of the other automobiles. Some automobiles, I suppose, have the true instinct for the theatre. Have you noticed how thea'ric some of the things are, how they contrive to run away just when everyone is looking?"

"Just like horses," murmured one of his listeners.

"Oh, no; I wouldn't say that. Horses have a merely natural intelligence; it is nothing like the splendidly artificial reasoning of the automobile. The poor horse, I really pity him! He has nothing before him but polo. But how thankful he should be to polo. He was a broncho with disreputable manners; now he is a polo-pony with a neat tail. In time, I dare say, the horse can learn some of the higher civilization of the automobile, just as society may still manage to be as intelligent as the theatre."

The conclusion of that entertainment marked the height of Orson Vane's peculiar fame. The radical newspapers caught echoes of it and invented what they could not transcribe. The young men who owned newspapers had not been invited by Orson Vane, because, in spite of his theatric mania, he had no illusions about the decency of metropolitan journalism. He avowed that the theatre might be a trifle highflavored, but it had, at the least, nothing of the hypocrisy that smothers the town in lies to-day and reads it a sermon to-morrow. The most conspicuous of these newspaper owners went into something like convulsions over what he called the degeneracy of our society. Himself most lamentably in a state of table-d'hotage, this young man trumpeted forth the most bitter editorials against Orson Vane and his doings. He frothed with anarchistic ravings. Finally, since the world will always listen if you only make noise loud enough and long enough, the general public began to

The Mirror

THE FUTURE OF FICTION.

AS A WOMAN NOVELIST SEES IT.

believe that Vane was really a dreadful person. He was a leader in the smart set; he stood for the entire family. His taste for the theater would debauch all society. His egoisms would spoil what little of the natural was left in the regions of Vanity Fair. So went the chatter of the man-on-the-street, that mighty power, whom the most insignificant of little men-behind-the-pen can move at will.

One may be ever so immersed in affairs that are not of the world and its superficial doings, yet it is almost impossible to escape some faint echo of what the world is chattering about. Professor Vanlief, who had betaken himself and Jeanette, for the summer, to a little place in the mountains, was finally routed out of his peace by the rumors concerning Orson Vane. The give and take of conversation, even at a little farm-house in the hills, does not long leave any prominent subject untouched. So Augustus Vanlief one morning bought all the morning papers.

He found more than he had wanted. The editorials against the doings of the smart set, the reports of the sermons preached against their goings-on, were especially pregnant that morning.

In another part of the paper he found a line or two, however, that brought him sharply to a sense of necessary action. The lines were these:

"Mr. Arthur Wantage is still seriously ill at Framley Lodge. Unless a decided turn for the better takes place very shortly, it is doubtful if he can undertake his starring season at the usual time this year."

Augustus Vanlief saw what no other mortal could have guessed. He saw the connection between those two newspaper items, the one about Vane and the one about Wantage.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



THE MAIDENS.

The Maidens—

Teach us, witch-wife, as we pass,
How to read the mystic roses.
Hold for us the magic glass,
Which the coming face discloses.

The Witch—

Him whose eyes rove everywhere,
Like the moths that wheel and hover—
Pass him by, nor greatly care
To be loved by such a lover.

But for him whose knitted brows
Frown, in scorn of love and laughter—
She who wins him for a spouse,
Shall be spoken of hereafter.

The Maidens—

Dim, the warning! Choose we, then,
Each for each; and, as a token,
Let the numbered leaves, again,
Answer, when the choice is spoken.

Blue Eyes—

I a sailor's bride will be,
And, at night, upon my pillow,
The wind's voice shall seem to me
As the roaring of the billow.

Brown Eyes—

Pleasant be thy dreams, I pray.
With a merchant will I marry:
Silks and pearls from far Cathay,
Homeward all his ships shall carry.

Black Eyes—

And a soldier will I wed—
Bold in love, and stern in duty.
When the tourney's lists are spread,
He shall crown me Queen of Beauty.

Gray Eyes—

Choose ye whom ye may and will!
Though the king himself implore me,
I shall live unwedded still—
And your husbands shall adore me.
From "Wishmaker's Town," by William Young

At a recent dinner of the women writers of London Lucas Malet, otherwise Mrs. Harrison, contributed a paper of much interest on the future of fiction. Among other things Mrs. Harrison said, as reported in *Literature*:

"The spread of education, a thing in itself very excellent, has produced a new and enormous reading public very far from excellent, since it possesses no standard of taste, of style, of culture, I may almost say, of truth and of untruth. And this, through no fault of its own, since it has not, and obviously cannot have, the hereditary instincts which come of generations of breeding and of scholarship. But it is voracious, and the strength of its digestion is absolutely appalling. That of the ostrich, which comfortably assimilates rocks, ginger-beer bottles, and tenpenny nails, simply isn't in it! All it asks is to be filled. And the worst of it is, this public will pay for that filling, sums individually small, but very large in the aggregate. And here, as you must recognize, a very serious danger presents itself. This public asks to be amused as cheaply, not to say vulgarly, as possible. For the most part it is born tired, it hates exertion. It asks to be made to feel clever with as little expenditure of brain power as possible. It asks to be made to feel virtuous and secure of heaven with as little moral and spiritual effort as possible. It asks to be made familiar with, and consequently comfortably contemptuous of, all classes not its own, all countries it has never visited, all religious systems with which it is unacquainted, all forms of knowledge beyond its intellectual range, all forms of art which transcend its very utilitarian conception of beauty. . . .

"I regret to say that this demand on the part of half-educated readers for a literature lacking in distinction, lacking in sincerity, lacking in research, lacking in accurate science, lacking in serious observation of human nature, lacking in beauty and in ideas, has been pandered to and catered for by persons of great business capacity, whose attitude towards Letters and Art is neither more nor less reverential than that of the draper towards his ribbons and laces or that of the general dealer towards his monkey-brand soap or Eiffel-tower lemonade. Goods by the yard or by the dozen, goods by the thousand words or by the page, the underlying object is precisely the same—namely, profit and hard cash. I have no quarrel with trade or with commerce. These are not only necessary, but honorable, in their right place. At their best they have a certain massive and trampling kind of poetry. They have their romance. In any case, they are to the body politic that which the viscera are to the individual human body. But we distinguish between the dignity of the different parts of the human economy. And to apply the rules of commerce, the rules of trade, to matters of Literature and of Art is to cease to exercise such power of discrimination. It is to place the flesh above the spirit, it is to confuse the price-list with the lyric, it is to cease to discriminate between our dinners and our prayers. For the ultimate purpose of commerce can be, after all, nothing higher than the increase of material prosperity, while that of Literature and of Art is the elevation of humanity by the worship of Beauty and the expansion of the knowledge of Truth.

Just now the spirit of commerce rules. It will not always be so. The wheel turns; for ever the wheel turns. Revolt must of necessity come. Then that very majority, to supply whose ignorant demands—either real or imagined—we have been called upon to degrade our Literature and our Art, will turn also and rend us. And, therefore, I venture to think it becomes not only the duty but the wisdom of all those writers of fiction who honor their calling, and all those critics who realize their power in forming the taste and elevating the standard of the rising generation, to go before and promote this revolt by every legitimate means. Let the authors do their best work, refusing dictation, refusing to amplify or to curtail it to order. Let them refuse to write what they are told is wanted rather than that which they have it in them to write. . . . There is a ghastly legend—I sincerely hope it is not authentic—that a young man of unquestioned genius submitted, some few years ago, in obedience to commercial considerations, to end his novel in two different ways—one to suit his English, the other his American public. Now, a story well conceived, a story

which is an organic whole, can no more have two endings than your or my life can have two endings. The first page of a story, if the story is worth anything, of necessity contains the last.

"All my arguments and my appeals will, I know, be met, by many writers, with the simple remark—'Well, but after all we had to live.' . . . With younger persons who make this remark, I would humbly reply that, though it may be very necessary for them to live, it is quite unnecessary that they should live by the production of cheap fiction or the production of equally cheap criticism. For the older members of the profession, they may be called upon to suffer somewhat for their faith. Immediately, to make less money. Eventually, I believe, to make quite as much. For though the book that dies with the year may bring in a considerable sum during the first six months of that year, the finer order of book—more mature, more imaginative, more deeply felt—though bringing in little at first, will continue to produce a secure, though perhaps modest, income through ten, fifteen, twenty, or even more years to come. For, be it remembered, the great public, even the uneducated majority of it, though too often wrong in its first judgment, is almost always right in its last. Meanwhile a good conscience goes for something; the sense of work done just as well as one knows how to do it can surely be set against certain deprivations in the way of smart clothes, of society, and of all those thousand and one things—notoriety and gratified vanity among them—which are by no means necessities of life."



A LITTLE DINNER.

HOW THEY CELEBRATED A WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

IN the fragrance of a summer twilight they are dining beside an open window, the languidly stirring curtains of yellowish lace showing posturesque glimpses of Fifth avenue. The band, hidden somewhere behind palms, as a band should be, is playing "Florodora." Occasionally a waiter changes the plates and fills the glasses. They seem not to notice his kindly offices, for their minds are full of other things.

With the Little Neck clams the woman sighs softly and speaks, her eyes upon the plate.

"I hope they are cold—cold as the summer promises for us."

The man sighs, picks out the smallest of the clams on his plate and holds it toward her lips across the table. She accepts it, laughs, and tears brim over her eyelashes. "After all," she says defiantly. "I am glad we have decided to end it. I should never have promised to meet you here except to part from you."

"I know, dear, I know. But it's a tough state of affairs when life promises so little at best that we must let these infernal notions of prudence—"

"Prudence! Why, Harry, I am astonished. Not prudence—right. There is a clear line of demarkation and when people who are married step over it they are in—"

"Sh—, dear! There's no happiness in life anyhow. It's all a mockery!"

The waiter silently serves soft shell crabs and pours a white wine.

"Don't let him forget the lemon," she whispers tragically across the table, so the waiter can hear her.

"It's all a game, but one that you nice women will never learn to play. It is only the heartless ones that win."

"Like her!"

"We mustn't speak of her! After all, she's my—"

"Stop! I won't have you say it! There must be something more than this life, Harry. We've got to think of that."

"It will be a beastly sort of joke on us if there isn't anything to follow."

"The crabs?"

"Ha? ha! ha! No, this life, or dream, or whatever you may call it. Ha! ha! ha!"

"How can you laugh?"

"Er—have some of these cresses? They're so dewey and fresh."

"The spiritual side of things has always appealed to me more than the material. Those cresses are lovely. That's what I always liked about you, Harry. You were always so—so—"

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Swell Fancy Wool Dress Skirts, over silk drop, were \$20.00, Now **\$15.00**
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Clearance Sale of regular stock Linen and Pique Outing Suits, were \$10.00, Now **\$6.95**
Clearance Sale of our regular stock Linen and Pique Outing Suits, were \$13.75, Now **\$7.50**
Ladies' Fine Linen Outing Suits, were \$16.95, Now **\$10.00**
Ladies' Fine Linen Etamine Outing Suits, were \$18.75 and \$22.00, Now **\$12.75**
Fine Lawn, Dimity, White Serge and fancy figured Mohair Ladies' Dress Suits, were \$20.00 and \$22.50, Now **15.00**
Ladies' Fine Organdie Dresses, were \$25.00, Now **18.75**
Ladies' Fine Organdie Dresses, were \$35.00, Now **25.00**
Ladies' Fine Organdie Dresses, were \$45.00, Now **29.75**
Ladies' Eton Jackets.
Silk Eton Jackets; Thompson's price, \$15.00, Our Price **7.50**
Silk Eton Jackets; Thompson's price, \$18.75, Our Price **9.75**

Ladies' Foulard Silk Dresses.

Foulard Silk Dresses, that sold from \$15.00 to \$18.75, Now **\$7.50**
Fine Foulard Silk Dresses, extremely stylish and new, were \$25.00, Now **18.75**

Ladies' Tailor-Made Suits.

Stylish Brilliantine Suits for traveling; were \$20.00, Now **15.00**
Stylish Brilliantine Suits for traveling; were \$30.00, Now **21.50**

Ladies' Traveling Wraps.

Mohair Ulsters—swell traveling Ulsters of silky, lustrous mohair, Thompson's price \$18.50, Our price **13.75**

Children's Summer Dresses.

Children's Fine Linen and Chambray Blouses; Thompson's price, \$3.00 and \$3.50, Our Price **2.00**
Girls' Fine Gingham and Pique Dresses, were \$2.50, Clearing Sale Price **1.50**
Girls' White Organdie Dresses, were \$10.00, Clearing Sale Price **5.00**

B. NUGENT & BRO. DRY GOODS CO., Broadway, Washington Avenue and St. Charles Street.

"Fresh?"

"No, so mystic. Don't you remember the night of the thunderstorm, when we first met in that queer little summerhouse on the cliffs, afraid to run to the hotel in that downpour, and the lightning flashing around us, and the thunder? You said it was a Wagner night; don't you remember?"

The waiter brings spring lamb chops, green peas and asparagus. He pours another wine.
"Champagne!" she gasps.

"It wouldn't be a properly constructed parting without champagne, you know."

"It will drive away the blues, I suppose."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Please don't laugh, Harry."

"Why not? Laughter and tears are both enjoyable in their way. Here's to the one old joke that we must always laugh at—life!"

"Men laugh at it—but we women love to cry, you know."

"Not into the champagne, my dear. Have another chop?"

"They are so good. Harry, there may be nobler men than you, but none that can order a better dinner."

"That bouquet is for Phillippe. He planned and executed it. I didn't know till he showed me the menu. In fact I didn't know then. It looked liked something by Villon."

"Never mentioned chops, I suppose. Ha, ha, ha! A toi."

"The honor is mine, madame. No, chops are always cutlets in French, I believe."

The waiter pours more wine and serves two small broiled chickens. She looks them over tenderly.

"Poor little things! Perhaps they loved each other and had to part."

"They are not parted, you notice. They are united, even in death. To your eyes!"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

They both laugh so exuberantly that the waiter raises his eyebrows a sixteenth of an inch and keeps them there.

"How can we laugh so?" she asks, reproachfully; "but, oh, Harry, I've thought of something funny. This is a most unconventional dinner, isn't it?"

"Why?"

"Why, look, even the broiled chickens have their legs crossed!"

They look into each other's eyes across the table as they touch their glasses' rims. The waiter's shoulders undulate delicately.

"Life is so short, isn't it, Harry?"

"And the other thing so beastly long. But we're alive to-night, as the verse says."

"Let us forget to-morrow."

"It never is, you know."

"That's too Henry James for me. Never is what?"

"To-morrow; it's always to-day, don't you see?"

The waiter pours again.

"And after this, what?"

"Salad, I think, and cheese."

"Oh," she pouts. "I don't mean that. I mean when we say, 'Good-bye.' Did you order a mayonnaise?"

"Yes, but ask me something easier, dear. I'm forgetting my cues."

"Oh, strawberries. I'll see you home, Harry. I've a hansom. It's the last time. How did you come?"

"Automobile, of course. To avoid suspicion and get here quickly. I don't think I'd better go home in your hansom, dear."

"I'll drop you round the corner from your club if you like."

"May I smoke?"

"Why, yes; what kind of cigarettes have you got?"

"The sort you——"

"H-h-m! S-h-h!"

The man signs the check. She gathers a fluffy boa about her throat and pulls a little whisp of veil over her nose. The waiter executes a serpentine twist in recognition of a tip. They go to the door, both humming "Florodora" music to the astonishment of persons dining at other tables.

They enter the hansom. She leans back, laughing luxuriously.

"And we're not a bit bored with each other. I tell you it is a magnificent idea! We're just like a couple of——"

"Like a couple of damn fools, if you ask me!"

He strikes a match and lowers his hat brim to light a cigarette, his voice a trifle irritable, but his eyes smiling.

"Not at all. It's a clever and scientific idea. If all married people would celebrate their wedding anniversaries in that way, they wouldn't get tired of each other so soon. Then it's such a joke on the waiter. Did you notice his eyes?"

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"We just drift off and forget we're married and play things have all gone wrong and that we are——"

"Up against it!"

"And don't have things come true till we are through dinner! It's a lovely idea! And it was a lovely dinner. You're not half bad, Harry, do you know it?"

"Oh, I don't count on this scheme. The idea is your's—and the dinner was Phillippe's."

"It's ours, now, Harry. Ha! ha! ha! It was more fun than a mother's meeting! You'd have been a splendid actor."

"I'd never get any higher than supporting the leading lady. Here?"

"Ha! ha! ha! Give me a light, Harry, and tell him—— Through the top of the cab—"Home!"

N. Y. Sun.

SUMMER SHOWS.

THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY.

The queerest, but most amusing, performance of the jingly "Chimes" ever given in St. Louis, is at Uhrig's Cave this week.

Even the veteran who has seen the Planquette operetta in all shapes and forms, will find a version new to him, and, it is quite safe to predict the novelty will not be displeasing.

The most novel thing about the performance is Miss Lodge's *Serpolette*. It is unlike any previous portrayal of the part in every way. This *Serpolette* runs to *embonpoint*, and apparently rather rejoices in it. Most of the lines spoken by her are strictly original, thoroughly up-to-date, and in every way an improvement over Farnie's libretto. Her malaprop speeches are clever and pointed, and usually score. One particularly bright line makes a great hit: "Make way for a lady of quantity!" cries the fat, newly discovered Marchioness as she strides from the stage.

The many references to her avordupois and her general "guying" of herself give a sort of May Irwin flavor to Miss Lodge's performance, which is intensified by an outre cake walk in the last act. Now, though one can hardly imagine anything farther removed from May Irwin than *Serpolette*, the fact remains that this performance of *Serpolette*, while suggesting the unctuous Irwin's methods, is extremely clever and amusing. *Serpolette's* peasant costume, however, is a terror. The only place it could be appropriately worn would be on the front seat of a float in a Funny Fellow's day parade. But then the gay green hose and green slippers call attention to a neatly turned ankle and a pretty foot, so they are all right. The head-dress is monstrous.

Another novelty is the omission of *Germaine's* song in the second act and the interpolation of a brand new waltz, which emanates from the brain of the versatile Frank Moulan. The waltz has flowery words written by Maude Lillian Berri and is called "Like the Violet is My Love." Hundreds of embryo Berris will purchase it this week in the vain hope that they will be able to sing it like the prima soprano at the Cave. It is pretty, swiny, and singable and Miss Berri makes the most of it. Otherwise Miss Berri's *Germaine* is the same sweet impersonation of two years ago, excepting that she, too, has developed a taste for extraordinary and unbecoming head-gear. Her many pursuits do not interfere with her voice, and in spite of the recently exploited bath-tub enameling, and egg-frying, the poetess-prima donna is singing wonderfully well.

Steiger's *Notary* is also a decided novelty. This able young man who, after playing Gaspards and Baillies, is cast for the insignificant part of the *Notary*, usually assigned to a chorister, elaborates it until it becomes a prominent comedy role. He delivers a funny, though drawn-out, speech at the Corneville Fair, invents much more or less witty and humorous dialogue, and dances a cake-walk with *Serpolette*. At times irresistibly funny and always clever is Mr. Steiger.

Frank Moulan is an impressive, awe-inspiring, *Gaspard*. He suggests Irving in "The Bells." In proper environment this young man's work would command serious attention.

Other parts were conventionally interpreted. The chorus loomed up finely in the

Fair scene, the male chorus especially being spirited and strong.

A rich, fine, mezzo soprano voice from the chorus was heard in a few solo phrases. I believe it belongs to Miss Alma Stetzler.

THE IDOL'S EYE.

Not like unto a Summer show is the exhibition of "The Idol's Eye," at Delmar Garden.

Indeed, so lavishly staged and so carefully rehearsed is it, that this presentation of Smith and Herbert's foolish but melodious comic opera, might, with propriety, aspire to a "run" during the regular season.

In the "Temple of the Ruby," Scenic Artist Ritter and Stage Manager Temple have done their most telling work. Scenery, properties, lighting, costumes and the manœuvres of the women choristers all contribute to an impressive ensemble.

The one serious drawback to a completely satisfactory performance is the male chorus—or rather the absence of the male chorus. It is made up of six men, all told, and, though they make a front, unfortunately in this opera three of the six play small parts, so that, as a general thing, the male chorus this week consists of a trio.

The performance throughout bears the Temple brand. The depletion of the male chorus attests the genuineness of the article. The rigor of the Temple regime makes deserters.

The girls seem to stand the Temple methods better, and a prettier, younger, more stylish looking lot has rarely swayed and pirouetted on a summer garden stage. A talented group it is, too. Modest little Olive Vail is in it and apparently gives herself no airs on account of recent flattering publicity.

Florence Chapman, the sixteen-year-old niece of the gifted Blanche, is a little chorister who is this week entrusted with a small part. She delivers herself of her several speeches with the aplomb of a veteran, but the high-pitched, child-like voice proclaims the novice. Time and a few elocutionary hints will help the baby-voice and then *la-petite* Florence should do something. She is an attractive little body, graceful as a gazelle and shows now a *souçon* of her talented aunt's magnetic personality. The lithe limbed Idella Grover, the most finished dancer in the chorus, also plays a wee part with credit to herself.

The regular principals, excepting comedian Frear and his co-worker John Martin, are "up against it" this week. Poor Miss Millard works hard to make something out of nothing, and, in addition to having ungrateful music to sing, is obliged to wear a hideous, unbecoming soldier uniform.

The best thing about the part of the nautch girl, played by Miss Paul, is the dazzling costume. It is a glittering, glassy looking affair, made apparently of beads, and has a graceful, clinging effect.

Blanche Chapman, as the chief Priestess of the Temple of the Ruby, is on in the second act only, but though short, the role is more effective than that of other women, and Blanche makes the most of her opportunities.

Abel Conn, the part created for Frank Daniels, and played by Fred Frear, is in itself very funny, and the Delmar comedian goes at it with a will, and is rewarded by continuous laughter. The grotesque Martin made the "Hoot Mon" go with a roar. He is a good foil for Frear.

Eddie Clark's dialect is put in use again

Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, SILVER, CUT GLASS, KAYSER ZINN WARE.

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Books

We wish to call the attention of MIRROR Readers to two books that are apparently being overlooked by St. Louis people. They are—

"Tarry Thou Till I Come," or Salathiel, the Wandering Jew—

George Croly's wonderful story, which, after having been out of print for over 50 years, has been republished in sumptuous style—cover design by George Wharton Edwards and 20 full page drawings by de Thulstrup. A work that should go into every library.

"The Helmet of Navarre," by Bertha Runkle. This thrilling romance of the time of Navarre, stands foremost in favor in all the Eastern cities, even taking precedence over *The Crisis*. Published at \$1.50, Our Price **\$1.10**

GRAND LEADER

The Fastest Growing Store
in America.
Broadway & Washington

this week, and Harold Gordon exercises his tenor voice whenever he gets a chance, which is not often.

The new vaudeville programme, which was put on at the Suburban last Sunday, easily is as strong an attraction as has been offered at this resort this season, though from the beginning there has been only presentation of the very best. The headline is given to as funny a troupe of monkeys as was ever seen. Three only in number they hold the stage and fill it too. Prof. Galletti in training them has gone out of the beaten path, providing a comedy act which does more than appeal to the youngsters, for it touches the children of larger growth, too. Kelly and Violette, the fashion plate duo; Callahan and Mack, the Irish comedians in their character sketch and musical act; the Dougherty sisters, in songs and eccentric dancing; the Rackett brothers in a musical novelty, the scene laid in a stable and the instruments improvised; the d'Onzo brothers in a marvelous exhibition of acrobatic feats, including jumping in and

out of barrels under remarkable conditions, go to make up the rest of a phenomenal bill. A striking novelty has been introduced at the electric fountain, in the form of a fire dance, given by Netio, the Australian fire dancer, every evening after the living pictures. The novelty is one never attempted before and has already developed some remarkable light effects as well as demonstrated the talent of the dancer herself. This feature, like many of the others of the garden, is free to all who visit the resort.

The Lounge.

Society stationery, Mermod & Jaccard's.

"And did you find the Chinese a brave nation?" we asked of the returned soldier.

"Indeed," he replied, casting a sidelong glance at the wagonful of loot which was being unloaded, "they were foeman worthy of our steal."—*Baltimore American*.

STERN PATER: Johnny, what must you do first of all to have your sins forgiven?

JOHNNY: Commit the sins.—*Yale Record*.

SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ridgely are at the Buffalo Exposition.
Miss Emma Arnold is spending the summer at Long Branch.
Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Paramore left last week for Jamestown, R. I.
Mr. and Mrs. J. Gorman are summering at the Grand Hotel, Mackinac.
Miss E. S. Kinsella and Miss T. B. Hanley have gone to Charlevoix, Mich.
Mr. and Mrs. F. Q. Wooster are settled for the summer at Petoskey, Mich.
Professor and Mrs. J. A. Fellows are the guests of friends at Chautauqua Beach.
Mr. and Mrs. Walker Evans will stay for a time at St. Clair Springs, Mich.
Mrs. J. J. Eddy, accompanied by her family, left last Monday for Mobile, Ala.
Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Rassieur will spend the summer at Charlevoix, Mich.
Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Grassman and their child have gone to Eureka Springs, Ark.
Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Homer have taken a place at Webster Groves for the summer.
Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Ledlie and son are spending the summer at Jamestown, R. I.
Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Rice are at Atlantic City, accompanied by Miss May Rauch.
Mr. and Mrs. George Lacy Crawford with their two children are at Charlevoix, Mich.
Mr. and Mrs. Pat Short left, last week, for a swing around the circle of Eastern resorts.
Mr. and Mrs. Julius S. Walsh and daughter will summer at Jamestown, R. I., this season.
Mrs. David R. Francis will remain at her cottage at Jamestown, R. I., until cooler weather.
Mrs. James L. Pearce, of Kansas City, Mo., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Vincent Marmaduke.
Mrs. E. A. Gill, of 3921 Delmar boulevard, left last week to visit her aunt, in San Francisco, Cal.
Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Forster and family will pass the remainder of the summer at Waukesha, Wis.
Miss Lillian Reardon, accompanied by her brother, Mr. Frank Reardon, has gone to Manitou, Col.
Judge Withrow is spending the summer with his family near Parry Sound, on Georgian Bay, Canada.
Mrs. James Yeatman Pallen, has gone to Kansas City, Mo., to visit her sister, Mrs. H. W. Nichols.
Mr. and Mrs. John Roberts have gone on to Shelter Island with their son, Master Elzeay Roberts.
Mrs. Caroline Seitz is being entertained by her daughter, Mrs. Wm. August Bensburg, of Milwaukee, Wis.
Mr. and Mrs. Martin Shaughnessey departed Saturday for an extended tour in the Northern Lake Region.
Mr. and Mrs. Philip N. Moore and their children are passing the summer on their Montana ranch.
Mrs. Kate Broadus, who is recovering from a serious illness, is visiting Miss Ruth Early, of Webster Groves.
Mr. and Mrs. P. Taylor Bryan and their children will remain in Charlevoix, Mich., until the cool weather.
Mr. and Mrs. Farish, of 3863 Delmar boulevard, are entertaining their daughter, Miss Juliet Farish, of New York.
Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Widen with their daughter, Miss Vera Widen, will leave next week for Cape May and Atlantic City.
Mrs. R. H. Stockton, left last week for Atlantic City, accompanied by Miss Annie Daviess, of 4118 McPherson avenue.
Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Kennard and their daughters have gone to Magnolia, where they will remain until September.
Miss Lee Meng who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Henry Rheinhart, of 3761 West Pine, has gone to Idaho, for the summer.
Mrs. James L. Blair and Mr. Percy Blair are settled in their cottage at Mackinac and will be joined later by Mr. James L. Blair.
Mrs. J. Weinberg and sister, Miss Sara Emerich, of 4553 West Morgan street, left Sunday, for an extended visit in the East.
Mrs. B. F. Givens, who has been visiting friends in Fayette, Mo., has returned, but will leave early in August for Petoskey, Mich.
Mrs. J. W. Thompson has returned from a visit to friends in Chicago, and is now entertaining Miss Edna Fellman, of Galveston, Tex.
Mr. and Mrs. Louis Erlich, nee Emma Wohlgenuth, have returned from their bridal trip East, and will be at the Park Hotel until fall.
Mr. and Mrs. William K. Bixby, of Portland

place, are summering at Lake George, and entertaining a large cottage-party of Westerners.
Miss Eugenia Maginnis, returned last week from a visit in San Antonio, Tex. Later Miss Maginnis and her mother will go to the Northern Lakes.
Mr. and Mrs. M. Ravold are at Wequetonsing, where they have the cottage of Dr. Armand Ravold. Misses Adele and Stella Ravold will join them later.
Mr. and Mrs. David Lauber, of the West End Hotel, left last Saturday for the Pan-American Exposition and Mackinac Island, to be gone several weeks.
Mrs. John W. Donaldson, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. McCarthy, have gone to Gratiot Beach, Mich. Master John Donaldson McCarthy is with them.
Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Conroy, of Forest Park boulevard, with their son, Master Robert Conroy, are at Saratoga and will later visit the New England coast resorts.
Mrs. A. L. Smith, formerly of this city, but now of Chicago, with her three children, is the guest of her husband's mother, Mrs. Smith, of 3320 Washington boulevard.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Meier, accompanied by their son, Mr. Duncan Meier, and Miss Jaspering, have taken a cottage for the season at Harbor Point, Mich.
Mr. and Mrs. William Bayless, of Page boulevard, are entertaining their daughter, Mrs. William Hamilton Cline, of Kansas City, Mo., and their son, Mr. Will Bayless, of Louisville, Ky.
Mrs. P. J. Cunningham and her youngest daughter are summering at Mackinac Island, where they will, in August, entertain Dr. and Mrs. Robert Wilson. Miss Catherine will go North this week.
Mrs. Celeste Pim, of West Pine, is entertaining her daughter, Mrs. Horace Rose, of Natchez, Miss., and her family. Mrs. Rose and her children will soon go to the Northern Lakes, and Mrs. Pim will go away for the summer with her daughter, Mrs. Kay, of Chicago.
Dr. A. C. Bernays will leave this week on his annual vacation. He will be the only representative of St. Louis medicine at the annual meeting of the British Medical Association and also the British Tuberculosis Congress, both bodies meeting in London next month.
An engagement just announced is that of Miss Helen Kaufman, of Webster Groves, and Dr. Raymond Bryan, of Louisville, Ky. Miss Kaufman resides with her father, Major Kaufman, a retired army officer. It is understood the wedding will be one of the early fall events.

Sufferers from weary feet find sandals and knitted hosiery excellent wear in the house, the simple explanation being that plenty of ventilation is by both provided. Summer tiredness is combated in various ways. Some people find the morning and evening scrub with soda in the water they use all-sufficient. Others, after the wash, lave their feet with methylated spirits, which cools and hardens the tender cuticle. These plans, combined with a frequent change of good hosiery, usually secure comfort. But there's a better plan. That is buy your shoes at Swope's, 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A. Swope's shoes never hurt. They fit. They look well. They wear well. They are worth what they cost. They are in every way the best.

A new yoeman one day went into a barber's shop, and, seeing only the boy there, thought to frighten him. Said he—"Boy, I want a shave, but be careful not to cut me. If you do"—drawing his sword, and laying it across his knees—"I shall put this through you." "Yes, sir," replied the boy calmly, as he proceeded to his task, which he finished satisfactorily. "You are a good boy," said the Imperial Yoeman, giving him sixpence, "But weren't you afraid?" "Not at all," said the boy. "But I should have done as I said if you had cut me." "You wouldn't." "Why not?" "Why, because if I had cut you at all I should have cut your bloomin' head off!"

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Write for Catalogue—Mailed free.

A BEAUTIFUL BOOK.

Mrs. McKinley will soon be the recipient of the most beautifully bound book that has been produced in this country in years. The cover, of beaten white leather, is exquisitely inwrought with her monogram, and ornamented with orchids. The book contains a telegram from President Diaz to President McKinley, on the occasion of the latter's visit to El Paso in May, an address made by Gen. Fernandez, special envoy from Mexico's chief executive, and President McKinley's reply. This handsome souvenir is presented by Mayor Hammett, of El Paso, and his wife, as a tribute of friendship, and in memento of the President's and Mrs. McKinley's visit to their city, with the hope that it may mitigate Mrs. McKinley's great disappointment over being too ill to participate in the celebrations prepared for them by the Mayor and citizens of the border town. The volume is one of the most handsome ever prepared and is, at that, only a single specimen of the work done at Miss Bulkeley's Hillside Bindery, at Hillside, St. Louis county. This bindery is gradually coming into recognition as ranking with the Dove's at the Kelmescott Press, with Zahn's, at Memphis, or with Zaehandorf's in Germany. Miss Bulkeley's work has an international reputation among lovers of fine books and St. Louisans should be proud of the institution in which it is done.

A BRIDE'S CURIOUS LETTER.

A Young Lady, newly Married, being obliged to show all her Letters to her Husband, wrote the following to an intimate friend.

I cannot be satisfied my dearest Friend, Blest as I am in the matrimonial state, Unless I pour into your friendly bosom, Which has ever beat in unison with mine, The sensations which swell my heart. I tell you my husband is the best of men. I have now been married seven weeks and Have never found the least reason to Repent the day that joined us. My husband is, In person and manners, far from resembling Ugly, cross, old, disagreeable and jealous Monsters, who think by confining to secure a wife; It is his maxim to treat as a Bosom friend—and not as a

On BROADWAY, Cor. Locust St.
We have the Most Rarely Beautiful Collection of

Ladies' Fine Gold Watches

Ever placed on sale. The small sizes are especially artistic—real jewels. You cannot see them without desiring to own one. Better still, they are as well made and reliable as they are exquisitely beautiful. The one pictured has 14k Solid Gold Cases, open face, 2 diamonds in back, full jeweled, fully guaranteed. The artistic pin to match contains 7 diamonds and 2 rubies.

Price complete, Watch and Pin, **\$195.00**

Plaything, or mental slave, the woman Of his choice. Neither party He says should always obey implicitly; But each yield to the other by turns. An ancient maiden aunt, near seventy, A cheerful, pleasant, venerable old lady, Lives in the house with us. She is the delight of both young and old. She is civil to all the neighborhood round, Generous and charitable to the poor. I am sure my dear loves nothing more Than he does me; he flatters me more Than the glass—and his intoxication (For so I must call the excess of his love.) Often makes me blush for the unworthiness of Its object, and wish I could be more deserving The man, whose name I bear. To Say all in one word—and to Crown the whole, my former lover Is now my indulgent husband; my fondness Is returned and I might have had A Prince without the felicity I find in Him. Adieu, may you be as blest as I am unable to wish that I could be more Happy. —Read the whole, and afterwards every alternate line.

LADY (to departing servant): What shall I say in your reference?
SERVANT: Just that I stood it for six months with you, mum—that'll do for me.—Exchange.

The new Oriental Room, with its bizarre collection of Asiatic curios, attracts much attention at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway, corner Locust.

After the theater, before the matinee or when down town shopping, the
Ladies' Restaurant
OF THE St. Nicholas Hotel
has been found to commend itself to ladies for the quiet elegance of its appointments, its superior cuisine and service and refined patronage.

THE COMPTON SCHOOL
FOR THE
Physiological Training of Children of Retarded Mentality,
ST. LOUIS, MO.
Will open Wednesday, September 4th, 1901.
For particulars, address,
MISS FANNY A. COMPTON,
4562 Scott Avenue, St. Louis.

THE MIRROR SHORT STORY.

THE SAFETY OF NUMBERS.

Mrs. Dennison had begun life by choosing the wrong man. In the resulting misery, the fact of having plenty of company gave her no consolation. She had had many suitors, both because she was the only girl within a radius of a half-hundred miles, and because she was a very nice and pretty one. But only Leslie and Dennison had ever stood a chance, and Dennison had won out—no one could quite tell why, Maggie herself least of all, probably. Leslie would have been the better match, viewed financially, and looks were in his favor very decidedly.

But Maggie chose Dennison with the usual wisdom of her kind; and having no particular religious preferences one way or another, went with him to the nearest adobe town and had herself married by a *padre*, as being the easiest and quickest way out of it. And thereafter for three years Dennison had treated her abominably. He made nothing whatever of beating her; he overworked her; he drank. His conduct was the scandal of the surrounding country. Knowing Maggie's progenitors and her own disposition, the wonder to every one was that she did not shoot Dennison and have done with it. Since nothing of the kind happened, the only possible conclusion was that she loved him. Which she did. If he had neglected her she might perhaps have had recourse to a six-shooter; but it is at least having some notice taken of you to be knocked down, and Maggie frequently was.

The treatment told on her good looks after a while, the more especially as they were of the sort that are of youth alone. The plains and hard usage age a woman early. So when Maggie was twenty-four she looked ten years older than that.

Then Dennison left her. He found somebody he liked better, one day when he went over to the railroad town seventy-five miles away, and took her away with him. Maggie had no notion where he had gone, else she would probably have followed him. Instead, she stayed on the ranch and hoped and pined. She carried on the ranch alone, it being one of those plains ranches having no especial boundaries, no especial fields or crops, and only a scrawny milch-cow or two and a few chickens. There were a couple of hundred head of stock, cattle that roamed the country and were, to all intents, wild, and some broncos of much the same sort. These required no care, so Maggie spent most of her days sitting on the sill of the back door of the adobe and staring off toward the mountains and thinking about Dennison.

The Mexican woman who lived with her squatted on the ground—in the shade in summer, in the sun in winter—with a black *tapalo* over her head, smoking cigarettes until the hard soil in her neighborhood was strewn with straw-paper stumps. She had fourteen children. Maggie had none. There had been a baby, but it had died. A whitewashed board fence upon the top of a knoll that was to be seen from the back door marked where the grave had been before the coyotes had torn it up. Besides the woman and the fourteen children there were two "greaser" *vaqueros*, whose duties were not

burdensome, who ate jerked beef and *frijoles*, and helped Maggie wait for Dennison to come back.

But though she sat day after day with her fading eyes looking toward the mountains beyond which was the railway and from which came the road, no Dennison appeared. Other people came by at long intervals. Twice Leslie had ridden up. There had been a year's space between the visits. And at the second one Maggie had seemed no nearer consolation or common sense than at the first. Then he had let eighteen months elapse.

When he came down the road this time he saw Maggie, from afar off, sitting on the door-sill with her chin in her hands, the Mexican woman hugging a narrow strip of shade, for it was near noon, and some chickens and children variously disposed. He dismounted with a clanking of spurs and led his bronco to the water-trough.

Maggie rose without haste and went over to him. She might have seen him five minutes before from any sign of surprise or pleasure she made. Hers was the apathy of the woman of the frontier *ranch*, to whom life is as her outlook upon the world—dead, fruitless, and dry. She took him into the house when the pony was turned over to a *vaquero*. Had he heard news of Dennison, she wanted to know. Leslie looked serious, so serious that she leaned forward with her yellow hands clasped hard. What was it, she asked. Dennison was dead. It was that he had come to tell her. He had just returned from the other side of the Colorado, and had had news of her husband there, quite by chance.

"Tell me," said Maggie, "tell me the whole thing. I want to know."

Leslie told her, tipping back in his chair with his hands clasped behind his fine head, and his buckskinned legs crossed with a swing.

"Well," he started, "it was this way, you see. He lit out with a woman—a bad egg from over Central way." (Central City was the railway town.) "They went into California, and they set to keeping a rest'rant at Meyer's mine. He got tired of her by and by, and he *vamoosed* the *ranch* there, too, and went down near to Los Angeles. He got into a scrap there—and the other fellow was a better shot, I guess. That's all."

"Who told you?" asked Maggie.

"Two fellows that was on the coroner's jury," he answered her.

"What did he fight for?"

"Woman," he told her, curtly. "She was the other man's wife."

Maggie's face was so near the color of the alkali sand outside that it could not turn pale. And the only expression of which her eyes had ever been capable was a dull hopelessness. So there would have been no guessing how the news affected her except that her fingers strained until the joints of them were livid. "Where's he planted?" she asked.

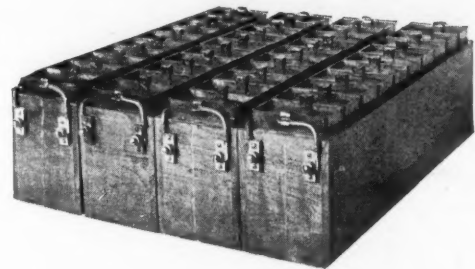
He told her the name of the town. "If you'll marry me now, I'll take you to see his grave."

Maggie began to cry then. Even when Dennison had departed she had not shed a tear. So it was all the worse now. Tears held back for four years from eyes, heat-dried, come painfully.

Leslie thought for a while that she was

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going to die. And that would be his fault. It occurred to him that he had perhaps been abrupt. He had never seen a woman cry, because women had not entered much into his scheme of things. For a while he sat and shifted on his chair and watched, very unhappy indeed. Then he got up and went to her and put his hand on her shoulder tentatively. She pushed it off—and he felt that he had been unwise again. So he walked to the door and stood there, his feet wide apart, considering the glaring flat and looking back at Maggie, over his shoulder, now and then. She cried for a good half-hour, and the whole experience frightened Leslie so much that it was not until nearly sunset that he dared get up to the subject again. He meant to go at it tactfully, this time, but it came at the end of a long, strained pause. "Say—what about our getting joined in wedlock and all that—anyway?" He held his breath for fear she would cry again.

But she took it quietly this time. "I ain't sure he's dead," she answered.

"I am," said Leslie. "But I'll go fetch the fellows that told me about it, and you can find out for yourself." He went out and saddled his bronco, and departed by the way he had come. "I'll be back," he said.

He had no idea where the fellows were to be found. They had been prospectors, and might be anywhere in Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado or California by now. But though his phrasing might have been less polished, his sentiments were identical with those of

Calonne—if it were but impossible, it should be done. It took him four months to do it. But at the end of that time he rode up to the adobe again. There were two men with him, and they went into details that caused Maggie to be convinced.

"All right," she said to Leslie that night, "I'll marry you." It was not enthusiastic, but Leslie made allowances, and took what he could get.

So, the next morning, the ranch was left in charge of the two *vaqueros*, the Mexican woman, the fourteen children, and five mongrel dogs. And Maggie and Leslie rode off, side by side, with the two men bringing up the rear. The same *padre* who had made her Mrs. Dennison made her Mrs. Leslie now, and gave her his blessing. She took it stolidly. Then she and her husband took the train for California, to see Dennison's grave.

The head-board to it had the surname in black letters on a plain board ground. Maggie did not like that, so Leslie paid for a new one—white, painted with the Christian names as well. When it was duly put up, they went on their way. The way was toward the Mojave. Leslie had mining interests up there, and, being in the general neighborhood, he took the opportunity of looking them up.

At Mojave they left the train, hired a wagon, and proceeded toward the interior. All day they drove along a road that wound between soft-rolling hills, pale brown, shrub-

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flecked. The sun scorched. Near the railway there were small cultivated bits, where green things grew. But they stopped after a while. By afternoon it was desolation. "Where'll we put up to-night?" Maggie asked—the first time there had been a word in two hours or more.

There was a house ahead, he told her. He had inquired as to that. It was thirty-five miles from the railway—more or less—and it belonged to one Dennis it seemed.

They came to it in due time, but Dennis himself was not around just then. His wife explained that he had gone to drive in a heifer and her calf. She took charge of them herself, in the meanwhile. She was a pretty little thing, tragically young, considering the hardships and the loneliness of her life. Her eyes were innocent and big, and her countenance was of a sweetly insipid cast, with a skin still of peaches and cream. She was glad to see Maggie. Probably she would have been glad to see any one, for the sake of human speech. How ever that was, she gave Maggie attentions of a kind she had never thought of.

And Maggie was feminine at heart, though she had had little enough chance to realize it. The gentle coddling of the little thing melted her. Within half an hour she had learned to like her—perhaps even more than that—to have some affection for her. They were hand in hand, on the edge of a bunk, talking, when Dennis came in. Dennis was merely Dennison with a last syllable the less and a beard the more.

Maggie knew him at once. And he knew her. His jaw fell.

"This is my husband," said the girl.

The tone of adoration and possession made Maggie sick—but only for a short instant. She stood up and put out her hand. Dennis hesitated; then he came forward and took it. His terror was making him quake.

"Pleased to meet you—Mr. Dennis," said Maggie, with stress on the name, and looking him straight in the eyes.

His own fell. "Sure!" he agreed, lamentably. He tried to smile. "I got to go to the corral," he said.

Leslie was there. Maggie thought of that and of what might possibly follow. "My husband's out there—Mr. Leslie's out there; you'll find him," she called. It was a warning—with intent to save bloodshed. He might take it or not, as he choose.

He took it. Instead of to the corral, he went to his room and locked himself in and

examined his revolver, against an emergency.

But Maggie went out to the stable. She found her husband rubbing down the stock. "Say," she said, standing beside him with her hands on her hips, "say—he ain't Dennis at all. He's Dennison. He's my husband."

It was Leslie's turn to have his jaw drop. "Did you know it?" she demanded.

He faced her. "I did not, Mag. I wouldn't have played you any such dirty trick."

"All right," she said. She knew the truth when she heard it. "It's done and there ain't any sense making the girl pay for it. Let on he's Dennis as long as we're here."

Leslie nodded and went on with the rubbing down.

Maggie returned to the house. Mrs. Dennis was getting supper in that one of the three rooms of the shack which served for kitchen and dining-room. Maggie ascertained that, then went around to the window of the room where Dennis was, and tapped on it. He appeared at it, ready to jump back. She motioned to him to open it. He did so. "Put up that gun," she advised; "nobody's going to hurt you." He put it up, within easy arm's reach. "Now you listen," she said. "I thought you was dead. Two fellows told Leslie and me that you was. I waited for you to come back for four years, and you didn't come or send word. They said as how you got into a shooting scrape down South and was killed. So I married Leslie and he took me to see your grave. We had a new board put on it, too." She leaned her arm on the window-sill and spoke at leisure. "Now," she said, "you see here. I got married on the straight. There can't anybody bother me nor him. But it ain't that way with you. You didn't. You'll be in all kinds of a mess if I want to talk. But I won't."

He knew the value of her word so well that an expression of relief came over his face.

"But I won't," she repeated, "so long as you treat that little thing in there square. She's a lot too good for you, but she don't know it, poor little fool. You might have had the decency to take an older one, anyway. She—she cares about you." Her voice caught, but she went on: "And you ain't going to break her heart if I can stop it. I'm on to you, and Leslie is, too. And we mean to keep on to you. We'll know

what you are doing, and you won't get away from us again. We'll be on your trail from now till your last round-up. So, if you want to keep out of jail, you make things easy for her—a darn sight easier than you did for me. *Sabe?*" She withdrew her arm from the sill. "That's all—but don't you forget any of it," she counseled, and walked away.

The evening was not a pleasant one for any but Mrs. Dennis. It was not Maggie's fault, however. She helped get the supper, and made as much conversation as she could. She smiled upon the just and the unjust alike. She heard without the quiver of a lash the detailed story of Dennis' courting from his wife. Dennis heard it, too, and did not enjoy it much more. She helped with the breakfast the next morning, too, and then, just before the wagon was ready, she had speech with Dennis again. Leslie was with her this time. He lent a moral support, which very little would have sufficed to make physical.

"Don't you forget what I told you," she advised, dispassionately. "Your wife—she's got me address—and she's promised to let me know if ever she's in trouble of any kind. So you'd better not be the one to get her into it. And, as for you—he," she jerked her thumb at Leslie over her shoulder, "he'll keep a well-peeled eye on you for the rest of your natural life. And we'll make it interesting for you if you don't walk Spanish. *Sabe?*"

Dennis was moved to gratitude. His voice shook when he thanked her, and so did his hand when he held it out. She looked at it, and her lips curled, very nearly haughtily. Then she lifted her eyes with one withering glance, and turned on her heel.

They drove off toward the sunrise between the eternal, rolling hills. Presently Leslie turned to her. "Do you care about that bad egg still?" he asked. She did not reply. His face was not as red as it was usually. "Do you?" he asked again. She shut her lips and looked hard at the white road ahead.—*Gwendolen Overton, in the Argonaut.*

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NEW BOOKS.

"The Grapes of Wrath," by Mary Harriott Norris, a story of the war between the North and South, is told in a very interesting manner. It being unsafe for them to remain in the South, where war is being waged so fiercely, *Virginia* and *Patty Manners* are sent to their aunt and uncle, who reside in Mulholland, N. J. The girls' father is a general in the Confederate Army, while their uncle, *Mr. Rufus Manners*, is a Colonel in the Union ranks. This difference of opinion, among families, on the slavery question, was no unusual thing, and the heartaches caused by these estrangements have been the theme of authors innumerable, so we are prepared for the usual complications. *Virginia* and *Patty* are, of course, loyal to the South, and, being high-spirited, find it hard to keep their patriotism in check. *Patty* is not of so fiery a nature as her sister, and saves herself from many an embarrassing situation by her greater tact. *Virginia's* sharp tongue and impetuosity cause her no end of embarrassment and even humiliation, yet her coquettish beauty is only heightened by her impulsiveness. Miss Norris has drawn these two characters quite faithfully, and her delicate distinction of the negro dialect from the soft, musical accents of the Southerner is worthy of complimentary notice. It is rare that writers on the South do not make the darkey and the quality talk exactly the same tongue. One is rather disappointed in the ending of the story, for although *Hannah* and *Catherine*, two minor characters, are very satisfactorily disposed of, one is not quite sure that *Virginia* ever marries the handsome soldier who so adores her, and *Patty's* fate is left wholly to conjecture. However, there are a number of stirring incidents recounted in a bright, clever style, and the tale is distinctly readable, even if it be not distinguished by a startling originality of conception or execution. If there were not so many stories rife of the same sort one would like this one much better. (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, publishers. Price \$1.25.)

Joscelyn Cheshire, heroine of Sara Beaumont Kennedy's colonial story of that name, is a charming creature. Loyal subject to King George, and bitter as she is against the Continentals, her womanly characteristics, not the least of which is great conversational sprightliness, win the reader's admiration, and, eventually, his affection. *Richard Clevering*, a private of the Continentals, is *Joscelyn's* persistent lover. The two are always at swords' points, he ever ready to defend his cause, open and straightforward in his espousal of liberty, she equally as ardent in her defense of Royal prerogative. It's the same old story of all historical romances, only Mrs. Kennedy freshens it by a happy style. The courage and fortitude displayed by the ragged, half starved soldiers at Valley Forge, under multiplied hardships, with the general character of which we have all been familiar, are given new meaning through Mrs. Kennedy's treatment, and above all by her directness of narrative. The death-in-life existence of the prisoners at Wallabout Bay and the cruelties perpetrated by the guards upon those unfortunates are told in dramatic fashion, while the pathetic efforts of the imprisoned ones, to comfort one another in their abject misery, are presented with much poignancy. *Richard's* gruesome escape, as a corpse, from the prison, and his hand-to-hand-struggle with the guard, who would have intercepted him, combine to make a

high-tension chapter of the most ultra romantic type. Mrs. Kennedy in this place, reveals herself as a mistress of the breathless style. *Richard*, of course, wins the girl in the end, as you knew from the first he would. The girl is the girl we've been having to repletion in recent literature, but it seems that we could stand her interminably, if always presented so sprightly-sympathetically as by Mrs. Kennedy. *Joscelyn* has a very interesting wrestle with herself when brought to the test of whether she shall betray *Richard* to the enemy, or become disloyal to her own cause. She chooses the latter course, and with pleasing audacity secretes *Richard* in her own attic. A brilliant passage is that in which the heroine brings into play all her tact and skill in preventing the English from capturing him. The minor characters are faithfully drawn, among which *Betty Cheshire*, *Richard's* sister, is the most charming. Her love story appeals to the sentimental. Mrs. Kennedy's style is easy and graceful, and particularly well pared down. She has evidently done a great deal of editing of the work, and the result is a pleasing absence of turgid rhetoric, such as is too frequent in historical romances. It enables the reader to go ahead to the finish unobstructed by that bane of novel-reading—fine writing. The treatment of each character is earnest, sincere, faithful. No detail, however small, has been overlooked. In a word, the book is a good example of sheer workmanship's power to give grace and even vitality to a string of incidents and situations for which there are no words other than "conventional" "stock" and "threadbare." It is one of the best stories of the kind recently offered the public and is now in its third edition. Mrs. Kennedy can do a better story, a much better story, if she can make a hit out of such trite material as makes up this romance. (New York, Doubleday, Page & Co., publishers. \$1.50.)

Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron, in "Two Cousins and a Castle" (F. M. Buckles & Co.) recounts the story of an old man living in a ruined castle, who, not wishing his name to become extinct, contrives to bring his two grandchildren together that they may marry. Complications arise, in that the grandson is offspring of the old man's daughter, his son the father of the girl. This difficulty is overcome by *Mr. Spinks*, father of young *Tom Spinks*, agreeing to hyphenate the name and become *Spinks-Eardley*. An adventuress is then introduced. The grandson falls captive to her charms, and *Mab* (the granddaughter) assists in what both she and *Tom* believed to be an elopement. The fair one fails to meet *Tom* at the appointed place; instead marries *Mr. Spinks* senior. *Tom*, when he learns of the deception, blows out his brains. *Mr. Eardley* becomes magnanimous, and brings about *Mab's* marriage with another young man, wills all his fortune to her—and so the story ends. Hundreds of stories with practically the same plot have been on the market for years. There is no attempt made at originality not even in description of scenery. The author might have taken a half dozen books of its kind, copied enough from each, and turned out just about as good a story. (Price \$1.25.)

The theme of Geo. E. Walsh's novel, "The Mysterious Burglar," (F. M. Buckles & Co.) is now a rather hackneyed one. *Mr. Charles Goddard*, a highly polished, aristocratic, gentleman, places himself under treatment of a physician, one *Dr. Squires*, who cures diseases by hypnotism. Finding in *Mr. Goddard* a good subject, he uses him

as a tool to procure valuable goods. Under his hypnotic influence the subject becomes a skilled burglar, committing burglary after burglary, without detection, despite the persistent efforts of noted sleuths to ferret out the mysterious offender. Not satisfied with making *Goddard* a thief, he endeavors to estrange him from his sweetheart by telling her the cause of her lover's illness is a taint of that loathsome disease, leprosy. He thinks to win her for himself. Another burglar exposes the doctor and his perfidy. When trapped the latter confesses everything and the story ends happily. A subject hypnotised under unfavorable conditions, placed under the influence of the operator of his own free will, is, undoubtedly, swayed by the hypnotist's suggestions. But command the subject to perform an act of which he would not be guilty were he in his own mind, something in direct opposition to his fixed principles of right and wrong and it will be found he will falter, become confused and, in many cases, the adverse suggestion is all that is necessary to bring him from under the influence altogether. This has been asserted time and again by such eminent persons as Drs. Bernheim, Hudson and other noted persons who delve into hypnotism and the occult sciences. If the above is true, then *Mr. Walsh's* book is based on a false premise, which, to the intelligent reader, renders the story unworthy of consideration. (Price \$1.25.)

BREAKING BAD NEWS.

It is always an unpleasant and painful task to have to be the bearer of ill-tidings, but occasionally one comes across a case where some rugged and untutored nature has solved the problem of "breaking the news" in a manner which would never have occurred to a person of higher sensibilities. For example, a railway porter had been killed whilst on duty, and after much consultation one of his "mates" volunteered to carry the sad news to the unfortunate man's wife. Arriving at the bereaved home, the messenger accosted the mistress:—"Does

Widow B—live here?" he asked. "I'm Mrs. B—; but I'm not a widow," replied the woman. "Ain't you," said her interrogator, putting on a look that was meant to be at once knowing and sympathetic, "I'll bet you five bob you are." In another and a similar case the bearer of ill-tidings rapped at the door, and on the wife appearing asked, "Does Mr. Blank live here?" "Yes, but he's not at home," was the reply. To which he answered, "No, I know he ain't, 'cause I've got him dead on this 'ere hand-cart."

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MISSOURI IN NATIONAL POLITICS.

The New York *Sun* says Governor Dockery, of Missouri, is a possible Democratic candidate for President, in 1904. But the *Sun* is wrong this time. Mr. Dockery wants to go to the Senate, and is now trying to wink himself into the toga. He might succeed but for that fact that Dockery is too dickery and that he is so smart that he always overplays himself. Mr. William Joel Stone is likely to go the Senate or to name the man who will go. As for Missouri and the Presidency, the first man with a chance in that direction is David R. Francis. If Ohio precedent is to count for anything, Mr. Francis' qualifications will be considered. Indeed, they are even now under consideration in the East. Mr. Francis is the man upon whom East and West, North and South can harmonize. He is the one gold man who could hold Missouri in line, and Missouri is a doubtful State, if the third party movement survives. He would appeal to State pride. He would be more acceptable to the Northwest than any Easterner could possibly be. He would get more silver support on a reorganized platform than any other gold bug could get. If the Democracy is to be reorganized, which is not yet clear, David R. Francis will give any other man in the United States a run for his life for the nomination. If the party is not to be reorganized and a sort of straddle is to be attempted on the platform, and the crowd now in control can retain control, and the former candidate is not a candidate, Mr. William J. Stone, of Missouri is the strongest possibility before the country. He is the politician of all the silver leaders. He stands better with the sound money politicians of the East than any other prominent supporter of free coinage. He would be able to put up a campaign that would look both ways or all ways on all subjects. If the gold men dominate the next National Democratic convention David R. Francis, of Missouri, may be the nominee: if the silver men rule in that gathering, Mr. William J. Stone, of Missouri, may be the nominee. Missouri is right in it in National politics. And Missouri wouldn't be so much in it if National politicians didn't think it was a doubtful State. Mr. Meriwether's third party manifesto and Ex-Governor Stephens' thunderings against reorganization have had their effect. The consideration now being given to Missouri in National politics only goes to prove what the MIRROR has said time and again, that the best thing that could happen Missouri would be for it to go

Republican once or twice, or at least that the State should have its beastly Democratic majority pared-down to something small. It looks now as if Missouri were going to be the pivotal State in the fight for and against reorganization of the Democracy. Which side soever may win the result may be the nomination of a Missourian for President. The reorganizers would win in a walk, if they could trust Dockery. But he can't be trusted. Everything he says, he says with a wink. A wink may mean anything. Dockery is dickery, and he will throw his influence with the faction that can help him. He was with Francis in the fight to elect Rolla Wells, a sound money man, Mayor of St. Louis last April. Now he is hobnobbing with Stone, who refused to come out in support of Wells. Dockery is playing for the Senate for himself and that is all that anyone knows certainly about him. Both reorganizers and silverites despise him, but they both need him in their business and they have such honor for him as men sometimes have for such a dickery Dockery winksome person—no more. W. M. R.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

The feature of this week's bill at Forest Park Highlands is Lydia Yeaman's Titus, one of the most refined head-liners in vaudeville. Miss Titus' imitative work is delightful and her singing of the highly cultivated kind. The Flying Banvards, the youngest of whom is a marvel of litesomeness on the trapeze, are a sensation. The child's flying somersault takes one's breath. The Whiting sisters, cornetists, and the Masriral singers, with Master Jean Latouret as the leader, are good musical acts. Next week the famous Cragg family, leaders of all the gymnastic families in the world, will be the head-liners at the Highlands. This is the first visit the Craggs have ever paid to St. Louis, having been held in the East ever since their arrival in this country. Their act is of the thousand-dollar a week kind. Good features are promised in Galetti's Monkeys, D'Onzo brothers and several other novelties.

The coming week the vaudeville bill at the Suburban is to embrace a number of brilliant acts, and it is promised will be the strongest programme yet offered at that resort. At the head of the bill will be the Pantzer trio, conceded to be the most remarkable contortionists in the world, while the rest of the bill will be of the same calibre and contain, as well, a series of novelties which will take the programme out of the beaten line of such attractions, giving variety as well as merit and interest to the performances presented twice daily.

Manager Southwell's forces, on Sunday evening next, will effect a revival of Sousa's "El Capitan." Many of the principals who took part in this opera in the Castle Square Company last winter will essay the same roles in this production. Laura Millard, the new prima donna,

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BOOKS

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will doubtless prove quite pleasing as Isabel, while Agnes Paul's renditions of Estrelida should be very effective. The choristers have been well coached and are expected to add much life and vim to the many tuneful airs. Scenic effects and all minor details, Mr. Southwell assures us, will be well looked after.

Next week's attraction at Uhrig's Cave will be the quaint Japanese opera, "The Mikado." Miss Berri as a modest little school-girl, Yum Yum, should be very charming. Frank Moulan's Ko-Ko should be equally pleasing. Clinton Elder will have an opportunity to show his versatility as Nauki-Poo, while Pitti-Sing, Peep-boo and other principal roles are well cast. "Mikado" should be well attended, as the entire week is given over for the benefit of the Catholic Orphan asylums of the city, under the auspices of the Board of Managers.

The play made famous by Joseph Jefferson, "Rip Van Winkle," is Maurice Freeman's offering for next week. "Rip Van Winkle" requires a large cast and splendid scenic embellishments, and will be quite an undertaking for a summer garden. Mr. Freeman, however, promises that no expense shall be spared to make this production one of the big events of the summer. There will be Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

BASE BALL A LA BAXTER.

A neater article of the National had never been put on the home grounds, and when the visitors picked up the stick in the final with the tally standing 2-2, everybody, from the oldest fan to the younger paper-seller, was standing on his seat and yelling to the local slab artist to serve up his choicest assortment of round-house benders, and keep whatever guy was handling the ash pivoting at delusions. The twirler was up to the business, and laid 'em over so fast that the receiving end of the battery, who wears the bird-cage and liver-pad, looked as if he were shelling peas. The first two victims only tore rents in the atmosphere, but the third guy connected and laid off a flaming grasser which would have made a projectile from a 13-inch gun look like a bean-bag tossed from one baby to another. The man on the difficult corner was right

there, though, and flagged the horse-hide pill with his sinister talon, assisting it over to the initial hassock in such short order that some one yelled derisively: "That fellow runs like an Orange Street automobubble." The home aggregation came to the bat. Every one was confident that they were going to pound the sphere around the lot, but the opposing team ran in a new guy with a slow south wing, and before they were onto the fact that they were not putting the willow onto the yarn as they had expected there were two men down and two strikes on the next guy. But, oh, Phoebe! on the next delivery he became the father of a bouncing swat which landed in the last row of potatoes in the outer garden and enabled him to press down three buttons and scratch the rubber. "Did the crowd go wild? Say, did you ever see a game of ball?"—*Yale Record.*

BALLADE OF OLD LOVE-LETTERS.

Deep in a cedar chest they lie,
Far removed from the light of day,
The ink on their pages long since dry,
The soul of their longing fled away,
Lines that vary from grave to gay,
And yearnings tinged with the heart's desire,
And words that promise and plead and pray—
These are the strings of Love's sad lyre.

Many a year has passed them by,
Many a month from March to May,
The snows have gathered on hillocks high,
And birds have sung in the orchards gay,
Minstrels caroled their roundelay,
And nights grown black o'er the sunset's pyre;
Yet such as these have survived decay—
These are the strings of Love's sad lyre.

All too sacred for mortal eye,
Let them dream in the silence gray,
For love remains though the lovers die,
Slow passing out from their house of clay;
These shall last while the waters play,
And on till the steadfast winds may tire,
For this is the music living aye—
These are the strings of Love's sad lyre.

ENVOI.

Prince, whom the Lords of earth obey,
Death, although thou art dark and dire,
Here is that which disputes thy sway—
These are the strings of Love's sad lyre!
—Ernest McGaffey, in *Pull Mall Magazine.*

"HUMPHREY CORNER."

Flannel Suits.

When they are good
They are very good indeed
And when they are bad
They are horrid.

Trouble is—
Most of them are horrid
You may possibly have to
Pay a trifle more for the
Sort we sell—
They are worth the money.

The flannel is thoroughly shrunk
Before being made up—
The cutting is done
By an artist and the
Workmanship is of the best—
Last, but not least—
Our patterns are smart
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Prices

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THE STOCK MARKET.

The bear faction gained a decided triumph in the past week. They had things all their own way. Crops scares, selling for foreign account, monetary troubles, strike news and skillful manipulation were the factors that struck terror in the hearts of weak-kneed bulls, and caused the closing out of one long account after another. On the decline, a good many stop-loss-orders were uncovered and facilitated the efforts of bears to bring about complete demoralization. At times, the market had an almost panicky appearance, but there seemed to be a steady, unostentatious absorption of good issues by people who take little stock in the present array of bear factors, and cling to the confident opinion that it is all bosh, and a repetition of the same old story. The big fellows are buying and the little fellows are selling at the bottom. The money market became easier, owing to the heavy contractions in loans and increased surplus reserves, the bank statement, issued last Saturday, disclosing a decrease in loans of over \$21,000,000, while reserves climbed up to \$12,000,000. The reduction in the loan account was due, entirely, to heavy liquidation. With the exception of Saturday following the panic of May the 9th, last, last week's contraction in loans was the largest in the history of the stock exchange. The banks are now in a more comfortable position, but still unwilling to extend their loaning accommodations. While the reserves will probably show gains for some weeks to come, it must not be forgotten that the crop-movement will prove quite a severe strain after the middle of August. The crop-movement requirements, last year, entailed a reduction in surplus reserves from \$26,000,000 to less than \$3,000,000 on October 20th. At the present time, the reserves are above the level of the corresponding time of 1900, but the loan item still shows a considerable expansion. When money is dear and the call for funds urgent, a shrinkage in stock market values is always to be expected, and the most logical consequence. While it is "tough" on the outside speculator, it strengthens the position of the banks and, incidentally, gives manipulators a chance to pick up bargains.

The ordering of a strike in three large plants of the United States Steel Co. resulted in heavy selling in the shares of this big company, the preferred dropping to 86½, and the common to 37. The decline in these shares has not been very severe, when comparison is made with the prices of other leading issues. On May 9th, the common broke to 25, and the preferred to 69, so that the former is still 13, and the latter 17½ points above the low level of the memorable panic-day. On the other hand, Rock Island dropped to 132, a few days ago, at which price it stood only 2 points above the panic limit. New York Central declined to 148, which compares with 140 on the 9th of May. There are other leading stocks, which are, at this writing, only from 5 to 10 points above the panic level, and it is, therefore, not surprising that Wall street should be agreed in the opinion that United States Steel issues exhibited remarkable strength throughout the late *débacle*. Contrary to common expectations, Englishmen are quite enthusiastic about the merits and future prospects of Morgan's pet stocks and, it seems, have more confidence in them than many leading American authorities. Cautious people will hold aloof from all industrial stocks until their intrinsic value has

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been clearly revealed in the course of time. There is a well-founded impression in conservative quarters that our heavily capitalized industrial companies will undergo the same experience that our railroads did some years ago. The water will and must be squeezed out. The testing process may not be applied this year or next year, but the time will come at last.

The continued reports of crop damage induced heavy selling in all western stocks, especially in Atchison, Union Pacific, Missouri Pacific, Wabash, Texas & Pacific, St. Louis & S. F., Southern Pacific and Missouri, Kansas & Texas. Union Pacific dropped to 89 1-2, Wabash preferred to 32, Texas & P. to 34, Missouri Pacific to 100¾, and others accordingly. There was good buying in Union Pacific common from 91 down, and it is now believed that this stock has seen its lowest. At 90, the decline extended to about 45 points, so that there is reason to think that the worst is over. Of course, much will depend on the news from the corn belt in the next two weeks. Western stocks will be more or less under the influence of crop news until about the middle of August.

The traction issues showed great stamina, especially Manhattan. The buying in this stock was very good and attributed to inside interests. The earnings of the property are said to be increasing right along, and hints at an increased dividend are growing more numerous. Manhattan is certainly an attractive stock for people who wish to buy for a "long pull." Current predictions that the stock will sell at 150 again are not at all

ridiculous; they are based on substantial facts.

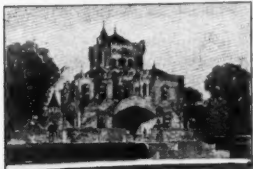
Although the strike of Reading shopmen has been settled, and the news regarding anthracite coal stocks was quite favorable, Reading, Erie and Ontario & Western displayed considerable weakness and fully sympathized with the downward movement in the rest of the list. Reading common declined to 36½, and the common to 73; the second preferred touched 48. These shares are bargains at current prices and should be bought without hesitation. Erie issues are also very tempting, after the late shake-out and depreciation of from 7 to 10 points. The coal stocks will bear close watching; when the tide turns, they will rise very quickly.

The directors of the Louisville & Nashville met expectations by declaring the regular semi-annual dividend of 2½ per cent. While some enthusiasts had expected an enlarged payment, there was no reason to expect such rash action on the part of the management. The dividend will probably be increased next January, if conditions should then warrant it. As a 5 per cent stock, L. & N. is cheap at around 102 and 103; it is gilt-edged and worth more than Rock Island, which sold at 170 some weeks ago.

Missouri Pacific, Texas & Pacific, Southern Pacific, Southern Ry., Chesapeake & Ohio, Big Four common (now a 4 per cent stock,) Nickel Plate common and second preferred and Lake Erie & Western common are preferred are good purchases and cheap enough to tempt investors.

The steel strike will probably be settled

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CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102 -104
Park 6	A. O.	April 1, 1905	110 -111
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	Apr 10, 1906	110 -111
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D.	Jun 25, 1907	102 1/2 -103
" 4	A. O.	Apr 10, 1908	105 -107
" 3 1/2	J. D.	Dec., 1909	102 -103
" 4	J. J.	July 1, 1918	112 -113
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1919	104 -106
" 3 1/2	M. S.	June 2, 1920	104 -106
" St. L. & N. 100	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107 -109
" (Gld) 4	M. N.	Nov. 1, 1912	108 -109
" 4	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1913	108 -110
" 4	J. D.	June 1, 1914	109 -110
" 3.65	M. N.	May 1, 1915	104 -106
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	104 -105

Interest to seller.
Total debt about \$18,856,277
Assessment \$352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.			
Funding 6	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	104 1/2 -106
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1921	102 -104
School 5	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1908	100 -102
" 4	A. J.	Apr 1, 1914	102 -105
" 4 5-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102 -103
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	108 -105
" 4 15-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	104 -105
" 4	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	105 -106
" 3 1/2	J. J.	July 1, 1921	101 -103

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	70 - 80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100 -102
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	105 -105 1/2
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	-- 60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101 -103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	90 - 95
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99 -101
Kinlock Tel Co. 6s 1st mtg.	1928	104 1/2 -105
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	103 1/2 -109
Merchants Bridge 1st mortg 6s	1929	115 1/2 -116 1/2
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	113 -114 1/2
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1921	117 -119
Missouri Edison 1st mortg 5s	1927	94 - 95
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100 --
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	95 - 96
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1910	91 1/2 - 93
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90 - 95
St. L. Troy and Eastern Ry. 6s	1919	104 1/2 -104 1/2
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100 -102
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	98 -101
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75 - 85

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	June '01, 8 SA	250 -252
Boatmen's	100	June '01, 8 1/2 SA	208 -209
Bremen Sav.	100	July 1901 6 SA	228 -230
Continental	100	June '01, 8 1/2 SA	246 -252
Fourth National	100	May '01, 5 p.c. SA	177 -180
Franklin	100	June '01, 4 SA	290 -295
German Savings	100	July 1901, 5 SA	750 -800
German-Amer.	100	July 1901, 1 1/2 qy	150 -155
International	100	July 01, 3 p.c. SA	150 -155
Jefferson	100	July 1901, 5 SA	525 -575
Lafayette	100	July 1901, 2 qy	231 -233
Mechanics'	100	June 1901, 1 1/2 qy	228 -230
Merch.-Laclede	100	July 1901, 4 SA	130 -150
Northwestern	100	July 1901, 2 1/2 qy	290 -298
Nat. Bank Com.	100	May 1901, 8 SA	125 -128
South Side	100	July 1901, 8 SA	137 -140
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk.	100	July 1901, 8 SA	110 -115
Southern com.	100	July 1901, 1 1/2 qy	181 -183
State National	100	July 1901, 1 1/2 qy	220 -223
Third National	100	July 1901, 1 1/2 qy	220 -223

*Quoted 100 for par.

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Commonwealth	100	Forming	283 -284
Lincoln	100	June '01, S.A. 3	231 -233
Miss. Va.	100	July '01, 2 1/2 qy	400 -405
St. Louis	100	July '01, 2 qy	320 -322
Title Trust	100		150 -155
Union	100	Nov. '98, 7	360 -370
Mercantile	100	July '01 Mo 75c	399 -401

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.	J. & J.	1912 102 -103
10-20s 5s	J. & J.	1907 109 -111
Citizens' 20s 6s	Dec. '88	
Jefferson Ave.	M. & N.	1905 105 -107
10s 5s	F. & A.	1911 107 -108
Lindell 20s 5s	J. & J.	1913 117 -118
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 117 -118
do Taylor Ave. 6s	M. & N.	1896 105 -106
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	Dec. '89 50c	
People's	J. & D.	1912 98 -103
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s	M. & N.	1902 98 -103
do 2d Mtg. 7s	Monthly 2p	100 --
St. L. & E. St. L.	J. & J.	1925 103 -107
do 1st 6s	M. & N.	1910 100 1/2 -101 1/2
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	J. & J.	1913 102 -103
do Baden-St. L. 5s		86 - 88
St. L. & Sub.	F. & A.	1921 105 -106
do Con. 5s	M. & N.	1914 117 -120
do Cable & Wt. 6s	M. & N.	1916 116 -117
do Merimac Rv. 6s		1914 93 1/2 - 95
do Incomes 5s	M. & N.	1904 104 -106
Southern 1st 6s	F. & A.	1909 106 -108
do 2d 25s 6s	A. & O.	1916 107 -108
do Gen. Mtg. 5s	J. & D.	1910 100 -102
U. D. 1st 10-20s 6s		1918 122 -123
do 2d 25s 6s	July '01 1 1/2	78 1/2 - 79
United Ry's Pfd.	J & J	89 1/2 - 89 1/2
4 p.c. 50s		25 1/2 - 26
St. Louis Transit		

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent	25	July 1901 4 SA	53 - 55

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Lin Oil Com.	100		58 - 29
" Pfd.	100	Sept. 1900 1 1/2	60 - 61
Am. Car. & Fdry Co	100	July 1901 1/2	28 - 29
" " Pfd	100	July 1901, 1 1/2 qy	83 - 84
Bell Telephone	100	July 1901 2 qy	140 -145
Bonne Terre F. C.	100	May '96, 2	3 1/2 - 4 1/2
Central Lead Co.	100	July 1901, MO	126 -131
Consol. Coal	100	July, 1-01 1	14 - 15
Doe Run Min. Co	100	July 1901, 1/2 MO	25 -135
Granite Bl. Metal	100		195 -200
Hydraulic P. B. Co	100	June 1901, 1	85 - 90
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. '99, 1	48 - 53
Kennard Com.	100	Feb. 1901 A. 10	103 -109
Kennard Pfd.	100	Feb. 1901 SA 3 1/2	102 -108
Laclede Gas, com	100	Feb. 1901 2 p. c.	94 - 96
Laclede Gas, pfd	100	June 1901 SA	100 -101
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100		56 - 58
Mo. Edison com.	100		19 - 21
Nat. Stock Yards	100	July '01 1 1/2 qy	100 -101
Schultz Belting	100	July '01, 1 1/2 qy	95 -100
Simmons Hdw Co	100	Feb., 1901, 8 A	168 -172
Simmons do pfd.	100	Feb. 1901, 3 1/2 SA	141 -145
Simmons do 2 pfd	100	Mar. 1901 4 SA	139 -142
St. Joseph L. Co.	10	May 1901 1 1/2 qy	14 1/2 - 15 1/2
St. L. Brew Pfd.	10	Jan., '00, 4 p. c.	47 - 48 1/2
St. L. Brew com.	10	Jan., '99 3 p. c.	43 - 44
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept., '94, 4	5 - 25
St. L. Exposit'n	100	Dec., '96, 2	2 - 4
St. L. Transfer Co	100	July 1901 1 qy	70 - 75
Union Dairy	100	Feb., '01, 1 1/2 SA	110 -115
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	July '01, qy	220 -225
Westhaus Brake	50	June 1901, 7 1/2	184 -186
" Coupler		Consolidated	49 - 50 1/2

before it assumes alarming dimensions. Both sides have nothing to gain and much to lose by a continuance and spreading of the troubles. The whole affair looks like being part of the bear plans to shake out weak holders. It would be an easy task, cynics declare, to inveigle the officials of the strikers into postponing a settlement of the difficulties and insisting upon the acceptance of the impossible, until the object of the Chicago gang of bears has been accomplished. Money goes a great way nowadays, and the officers of the Amalgamated Association are no saints. As an old Irishman said: "There is boodle and humbug in everything." Honesty may be the best policy, but not in Wall street. They roll their eyes, and talk unctuously about the inalienable, eternal rights of labor, while covering bear contracts on the stock exchange at big profits.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

In sympathy with the weakness in New York stocks, local securities displayed a drooping tendency in the past week, but declines were not important. Some bank stocks showed surprising strength and vitality. However, investment demand was small, and offerings were readily made at concessions. Brewery bonds are selling at about 97, and promise to go still lower. St. Louis Transit common lost about 1 1/2 points, and is now quoted at 25 3/4 bid, 26 asked. United Railways preferred declined over 2 points, and 78 is now bid for it. The 4 per cent bonds are quiet at 89 bid and 89 1/4 asked.

Suburban displayed a little more activity. The stock is now selling at 86, with offerings a little more liberal.

Granite-Bimetallic is lower, with offerings at 1.27; there seems to be no organized support to it. On every little advance, the stock is in good supply. Mining stocks are very much neglected at present by St. Louis people.

Banks report a good demand for money; interest rates are 5 to 7 per cent. New York exchange is firmer. Foreign exchange is steady, with sterling at 4.87 1/2, Berlin at 95 5/8 and Paris at 5.15 1/2.

ORIGIN OF THE BATH.

It is unnatural for man to take a bath—that is, he must bathe for the same reason that he must wear clothes and shelter his head with a hat—because the changed conditions of civilized life make it necessary. So we are told by Dr. C. W. Lyman in *The New Voice*.

"A learned German professor has said that in a state of absolutely wild nature a man would require no bathing. That is to say the skin, exposed constantly to sun and wind and rain, brushed by dewy branches and

grasses of mornings, and inured to periods of chill and cold, would keep itself clean enough. The skin, when exposed to all the vicissitudes of the weather, develops a vastly more extensive circulation than is seen in the clothed man of civilization. Lay a hand on the thigh of a Nez Percés Indian in winter-time. It is covered only by flaps of buckskin fastened roughly at the side edges with two or three thongs. Even in zero weather it feels hot. That means circulation of blood. But a savage pays for this by having most of his nervous force taken up in adjustments to the various inclemencies. In civilization we want this force for other things. So we dress, and heat our houses, and always shade the body (except hands and faces) from the sun-rays, and get quiet and equable conditions for the skin and its thousands of nerve-endings. The brain can work better thus than when the skin-nerves are in excitement. But incidentally to this almost incessant shielding of the skin, its circulation falls off vastly more than we ordinarily realize. Its glands become less active by far than in the savage. It becomes thinner in its working elements; or worse, becomes a sort of shelving-place for half-vitalized fat and water—this especially in women of leisure lives or men in sedentary occupations. And its nerves from lack of employment become relatively inert. Finally the constant excretions, so necessary to the general well-being, tend to accumulate in the top layers of skin, on its surface, and in the clothing, and impede the escape of other excretions that should be having right of way.

"This brief history is necessary to bring the mind to the point where it realizes that baths are the compromise made by civilization to savagery. We need constantly to work back toward the superb skin circulation of the savage and his completer glandular activity, and to this end can gladly devote from a quarter to half an hour out of each day, taking all the rest for other things. It is not otherwise with a horse or a cow. Turned out in a brushy pasture, and (for horses especially) free to roll in the dirt, and getting betimes showers and sun and wind, their hides keep clean. The bushes curry them the whole day through. But if horse or cow or calf or bull is kept in a barn—and there are enough reasons for doing so in winter—then it becomes imperative, for the best results, to curry the creature thoroughly every day. We take extra work from the horse or more milk from the cow, and give in exchange currying—along with hay, grain and shelter."

One must be hard to please who cannot find a pretty wedding present in the immense collection of silver and art objects now shown at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway, corner Locust

Mississippi Valley Trust Company.

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Beginning at 2:30 P. M., Rain or Shine.

ADMISSION, Including Grand Stand, \$1.00

THROUGH CARS ON OLIVE STREET, SUBURBAN AND PAGE AVENUE LINES.

THE BATTLE OF THE YATCHES.

[The following doggerel was printed in "Cruikshank's Comic Almanac" for 1852, the year following the original race for the America's Cup.]

O weep, ye British sailors,
Above or under hatches,
Here's Yankee Doodle's been and come,
And beat our crackest yatches!
They started all to run a race,
And were well timed with watches;
But, oh! they never had had no chance,
Had any of our yatches.

The Yankee she delayed at first,
Says they, "She'll never catch us,"
And flung up their tarpaulin hats—
The owners of the yatches!
But presently she walked along;
"Oh! dear," says they, "she'll match us!"
And stuck on their tarpaulin hats,
The owners of the yatches!

Then deep we ploughs along the sea
The Yankee scarcely scratches,
And cracks on every stitch of sail
Upon our staggering yatches.
But one by one she passes us,
While bitterly we watches,
And utters imprecation on
The builders of our yatches.

And now she's quite hull down ahead;
Her sails like little patches;
For sand-barges and colliers we
May sell our boasted yatches,
We faintly hears the club-house gun—
The silver cup she snatches—
And all the English clubs are done,
The English club of yatches!

They say she didn't go by wind,
But wheels and springs and ratches;
And that's the way she weathered on
Our quickest-going yatches.
But them's all lies, I'm bound to say—
Although they're told by batches—
'Twas build of hull and cut of sail
That did for all our yatches.

But novelty, I hear them say,
Some novelty still hatches!
The Yankee yatch the keels will lay
Of many new club's yatches,
And then we'll challenge Yankee-land,
From Boston Bay to Natchez,
To run their crackest craft ag'in
Our spick and span new yatches.

—Reprinted in *Forest and Stream*.

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

F. J. Frost, a member of the Wisconsin legislature, is making an effort to relieve the burdens of the farmers' wives in the county of Portage, which he represents, and gradually throughout the State. His plan is at once so worthy and so feasible as to commend itself to everyone who knows of the hardships incident to the domestic establishment of the average rural home. Mr. Frost's proposition is to build rural laundries, and the feasibility of the scheme, especially in its experimental stages, is in the purpose to run these laundries in connection with

the creameries, canneries and cheese and butter factories. These places already have the power necessary to supply laundries. Many of them are in operation only a part of the day. Thus, much of the labor employed, as well as the machinery used, could be applied to both ends. Doubtless, too, some of the floor space could be used for more than one purpose. It would seem that expense of conducting laundries could be reduced to the minimum by such co-operation.

The most wearing labor that the farmer's wife is called upon to perform is the family washing and ironing. It is pitifully burdensome to women of limited physical strength. Many efforts have been made to lessen it. All kinds of washing machines have been invented, few of them of any real use, to lighten the labor. The desire of the farmers to help their wives has been shown by the readiness with which they have purchased these appliances. This willingness has also been exemplified in the large patronage that is given to creameries and butter and cheese factories, institutions that have taken the great burden of churning from many weary shoulders.

The farmer himself has profited as much as any other man on earth by the invention of labor-saving machinery. His horses now not only plow his ground, but they plant his crops, cultivate and reap them, and all he does is to guide them. Not that he hasn't enough hard work still, but his labors have been immeasurably lightened. He has fared much better than the housewife. If he can take her washing and ironing out of her hands he will have done pretty nearly as much for her as he has done for himself.

In this great agricultural country anything designed to contribute to the comfort and elevation of the farmer is of the greatest importance. It is of far reaching-consequence that the life of the farmer and his family should be relieved of the stupefying drudgery that in earlier days was imposed upon rural existence. With the elimination of excessive labor, together with the establishment of good schools, the introduction of the telephone and rural mail delivery, the farmer gets nearer to the rest of the world and partakes more largely of its spirit, its refinements and its inspirations. He is made better and happier—a stronger citizen. His children have less reason to rebel against the hardships and restrictions of home and to seek the broader fields of activity and ambition.—*K. C. Journal*.

Fine Diamonds—Mermod & Jaccard's.

NEW SUBURBAN On the Hills.

Highest Class Family Resort.

SUPERB VAUDEVILLE.

Twice Daily 2:30 and 8:30 p. m.

GALLETTI'S FUNNY MONKEYS.

Simian Comedians.

KELLY AND VIOLETTE,
Fashion Plate Duo.

THE HACKETT BROTHERS,
Musical Hostlers.

DOUGHERTY SISTERS,
Eccentric Dancers.

CALLAHAN AND MACK,
Irish Comedians.

D'ONZO BROTHERS,
Barrel Jumping Acrobats.

Coming July 21—Powerful vaudeville bill headed by THE PANTZER TRIO, the world's greatest contortionists. Five other great acts.

Park free. Theater, evening 10c, 25c, 35c.
Nothing Higher.

NETIO, Australian Fire Dancer at the Fountain.

THE CHUTES.

Grand Avenue and Meramec Street.
Week of July 21—Mats. Sun., Wed. and Sat.
Maurice Freeman's Company in an
Elaborate Production of

RIP VAN WINKLE

Shoot the Chutes. Cool Dancing Pavilion.
Admission to Park Free. All Cars Transfer.
Next week—OAMILLE.

THE UNIVERSITY PREPARATORY SCHOOL. ITHACA, N. Y.

Prepares for all courses of Cornell University. Certificate has been accepted since 1895. BOARDING and DAY Departments. COMPLETE HOME. Regent's Certificates in LAW and MEDICINE. SUMMER TERM from July 16th to September 15th. FALL TERM opens September 26th for year 1901-'03.

Of the school, PRESIDENT SCHURMAN says:

"I give most cheerful testimony to the high quality of work done in your school. The excellent management and complete curriculum render it a most desirable preparatory school for the University."

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

CHAS. A. STILES, B. S., Headmaster.

Avenue A., Ithaca, N. Y.

The Observation, Cafe and Chair cars on the Wabash Line are equipped with electric fans which not only cool the cars while waiting at the depot, but are kept constantly in motion en route, day and night, rendering the cars delightfully cool and pleasant for the passengers, to various summer resorts. We again call attention to the elegant new equipment of the principal Wabash through trains out of Saint Louis and other commercial centers. The many comforts and luxuries afforded are calculated to please the most exacting and the most aesthetic.

The finest silk umbrellas, with the most beautiful and stylish handles, \$1.95 to \$40, at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

FOREST PARK Highlands

ONLY FAMILY RESORT IN TOWN.

HOPKINS' PAVILION.

Two Shows Daily—Rain or Shine.

Lydia Yeaman's Titus

Reigning Favorite of Two Continents.
First appearance in America since her return from Europe.

4—FLYING BANVARDS—4
Most Wonderful Aerial Casting Act in the world
WHITING SISTERS,
Cornetists.

MASTER JEAN LATOURET,
Boy Soprano,
Assisted by the ten Madrigal Singers.
LAVENDER AND THOMPSON,
Comedy Sketch.

ADMISSION TO GROUNDS FREE

Reserved Seats, 25c and 10c.

UHRIG'S CAVE Rain or Shine.

Cooled by Powerful Electric Fans.

Every Eve., 8:30. Saturday Matinee 2:30.

THE MAUDE LILLIAN BERRI OPERA CO.

IN

The Chimes of Normandy.

Reserved seats on sale at A. A. Aal Cloak Co., 515 Locust st., and Ostertag Bros., Florists, Washington and Jefferson aves.

Sunday, July 21,

"THE MIKADO."

DELMAR GARDEN

Opera Company

This Week—Victor Herbert's Best Work

"THE IDOL'S EYE."

Next Week { Sousa, the March
Sunday, July 21 { King's Famous

EL CAPITAN

Every Evening at 8.30.

Saturday Matinee 2.30. Popular Prices.

All Operas staged, costumed and presented in the best possible manner.

ECLIPSE PARK.

VAUDEVILLE SHOWS.

Balloon Ascension Every Sunday.

End of Bellefontaine and California Cars.

CRAWFORD'S

In Our Great Mid-Summer Clearing-Out Sale, yet in its infancy but growing daily, the cynosure of all eyes and particularly attractive to maidens fair and matrons sonsy—the fact is, we have not been selling goods, but giving them away, as it were!! One-sided as this Clearing Out may be, it must be continued in order to make room for the Grandest Stock of FALL GOODS ever shown in St. Louis.

Summer Dress Goods

ALMOST GIVEN AWAY.

- 1100 pieces Printed Challies, suitable for house wrappers..... $2\frac{1}{2}$ c
 250 pieces Fine Mercerized Dimities, fancy stripes and figures, were 15c, now..... $7\frac{1}{2}$ c
 200 pieces Fine Corded Batiste, white ground, with small black figures, very desirable; were 20c, now.....10c
 Just secured by express—75 pieces Beautiful Lawns, white ground, with black lace stripes; these styles have not been shown in this city, they are the noblest styles of all the collection, only.....15c
 125 pieces Fine French Lousine Cords, the best value that has been offered in this city this season; all white ground with colored figures and stripes, regular 39c, all for.....15c

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S KNIT UNDERWEAR.

Closing all Summer Goods out to make room for Fall arrivals.

- Ladies' Jersey Ribbed Fine Cotton Vests, low neck, lace trimmed, ribbon in neck and arms, were 17c, now.....10c
 Children's Jersey Ribbed Balbriggan Vests, low neck, no sleeves, were $12\frac{1}{2}$ c, now.....6c
 Boys' Imported Balbriggan Vests, long and short sleeves, drawers to match, ankle and knee length, were 89c, now.....59c
 Children's Fine Gauge Gauze Vests, high neck, long sleeves, silk trimmed, pearl buttons, size 30, 32 and 34; were 45c, now.....25c
 Ladies' Gauze Vests, high neck, long sleeve, silk trimmed, sizes 30 to 46; were 25c, now..... $17\frac{1}{2}$ c
 Ladies' Jersey Ribbed Fine Cotton Union Suits, Munsing brand, low, no sleeves; were 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25, now.....\$1.00, 75c and 50c
 Children's Jersey Ribbed Genuine Nazareth Waists, silk trimmed, pearl buttons, seconds; were 50c, now.....25c

No sake talk in our ads., but true as written.

WHITE GOODS.

- Colored Plaid Silk Piques, were \$1.25, now.....49c
 French Nainsook, 34 inches wide, were 20c, now.....10c
 300 pieces Long-fold India Linen, were $7\frac{1}{2}$ c, now..... $3\frac{1}{2}$ c
 Pink Piques, were $12\frac{1}{2}$ c, now.....6c
 Big table of Checked Lawns, Dimities and India Linen, remnants, were $7\frac{1}{2}$ c, 10c and $12\frac{1}{2}$ yard, to clear at, yard..... $3\frac{1}{2}$ c
 India Linens, were $12\frac{1}{2}$ c, now.....8c
 Organdies, were 15c, now.....9c

SEE THE
Century Ice
Demonstration

taste of the Cream. Price
.....\$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00

Skirts, Suits, Waists, Etc.

- At 25c—Ladies' Dress Skirts, made of linen, white pique and white duck—were \$1.00 up to \$1.25, now.....25c
 At \$1.48—Up-to-date, Stylish Polka Dot Duck Dress Skirts, navy blue, with white polka dot—black, with white polka dot—royal blue, with white polka dot, were \$2.98, now.....\$1.48
 At 98c—125 dozen Ladies' Fine Wash Waists, Sailor Collar Waists, Pleated Waists, Tucked Waists and Embroidered Waists—these waists come in India Linens, Lawns, Percals, Dimities and Madras cloth—were \$1.50 up to \$2.50, now.....98c
 At \$2.35—Ladies' White Pique Walking Skirts, deep lace flounce, tailor stitched twenty-seven times—were \$3.98, now.....\$2.35

Gas Ranges and Hot Weather Cooking Specialties.

"The Favorite" Gas Range has no superior, easily cleaned, fitted with star drilled burners, patent air lock mixers, thereby saving gas bills. A small cash payment and

10c a Day

buys one of these Ranges, set up and connected free in your home.

Prices From \$12.00 up.

- 3-burner Gas Hot Plates for.....\$1.49
 3-burner Steel Top Gas Stoves.....\$2.75
 2-burner Wickless Oil Stoves.....\$5.40
 3-burner Wickless Oil Stoves.....\$7.50

When Crawford's start their clearing sale

Each year, in hot July,
You know there's nothing old or stale
Which they would have you buy.

For reputation, priceless gem,
The well earned fame of years,
Is placed, with confidence, by them
On all which here appears.

The constant change in public taste,
Which guides the world of trade,
Demands the closing out in haste
Of what is now displayed.

Now, while this sale is on, you can
Supply your every need;

So, carefully these items scan,
And note it, as you read,

That this is Crawford's Clearing Sale;

That everything must go;

That quality will still prevail,

But prices will be low.

—N. Walter Macintyre.

WASH GOODS.

- The Voice of the fakir is never heard in Crawford's.
 150 pieces full standard Dark Dress Prints, were $6\frac{1}{4}$ c, now, per yard..... $2\frac{1}{2}$ c
 200 pieces Corded Batiste, in dark and light colors, were $8\frac{1}{3}$ c, now.....5c
 100 pieces 36-inch wide Percal, in light grounds, were 10c, now, per yard..... $6\frac{1}{4}$ c
 2000 yards of extra fine Lawn, in all the new and fast colors, were $12\frac{1}{2}$ c, now, per yard..... $7\frac{1}{2}$ c
 An extra fine line of imported Zephyr Gingham, in such styles as plaids and stripes, were 20c, now per yard..... $12\frac{1}{2}$ c
 150 different styles of Shirting Madras, mostly pink and lavender stripes, were 25c, now, per yard.....15c
 25 different styles in linen-striped Madras, all colors, were 40c, now, per yard.....25c
 300 pieces 32-inch heavy Printed Madras for men's shirting, all good styles, were 15c, now, per yard.....10c
 All our remaining stock of 40c and 60c quality Silk Gingham, in blue, pink and lavender stripe, will close out while they last at, per yard.....25c

LINENS.

The Banner Stock.

- 50 pieces Cream Table Damask, plain and broken dice patterns, extra heavy, made especially for hotels, restaurants and general home use, were 55c a yard—now a yard.....40c
 Napkins to match the above that were \$1.15 a dozen—now, a dozen.....89c
 25 pieces full Bleached Table Linen, good quality, were 50c a yard—now a yard.....35c
 250 dozen Bleached Napkins, 22x22-inch size, all linen, in spot and floral designs, were \$2.25 a dozen—now, a dozen.....\$1.50
 One lot of Damask Bordered Table Cloths, half bleached, all linen, hemmed and ready for use, were \$2.00 each—now, each.....\$1.35
 50 pieces All-Linen Bleached Toweling, with red border, were $7\frac{1}{2}$ c a yard—now, a yard.....5c
 20 pieces 72-inch wide Cream Table Damask, extra heavy, all linen, in spot and floral design, were 89c a yard—now, a yard.....69c
 500 Fringe Turkey Red Table Covers, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards square, fast colors were 75c each—now, each.....49c
 200 White Crochet Bed Spreads, large size, Marseilles patterns, hemmed and ready for use, were \$1.25 each—now, each.....98c
 75 dozen Turkish Bath Towels, red boader, heavy and large size, were 19c each—now, each..... $12\frac{1}{2}$ c

PRINTED LAWNS.

- Black Lawns, with lace stripes; were 20c, now.....10c
 Black Lawn, with black corded stripes; were $17\frac{1}{2}$ c, now..... $12\frac{1}{2}$ c
 Black and White Dimities, were 15c, now.....10c
 Black Figured Mohair Brilliantine; were 59c, now.....29c

REPRINTED BY REQUEST.

THE CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR.

In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright and the air rather
pure;
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand through the chimney-pots over the
way.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all
nooks
With worthless old nicknacks and silly old
books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Cracked bargains from brokers, cheap keep-
sakes from friends.

Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all
cracked),
Old rickety tables and chairs broken-backed;
A two-penny treasury wondrous to see;
What matter? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and
me.

No better divan need the Sultan require
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the
fire;

And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's
camp;

By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp;
A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn,
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long through the hours and the night and
the chimes,
Here we talk of old books and old friends and
old times;

As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakia,
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my
nest,

There's one that I love and I cherish the best;
For the finest of couches that's padded with hair
I never would change thee, my cane-bottomed
chair.

'Tis a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-
eaten seat,

With a creaking old back and twisted old feet;
But since that fair morning when Fanny sat
there,

I bless thee and love thee old cane-bottomed
chair.

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such
charms,

A thrill must have passed through your with-
ered old arms!

I looked, and I longed, and I wished in despair,
I wished myself turned to a cane-bottomed chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place,
She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her
face!

A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
And she sat there and bloomed in my cane-
bottomed chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a
Prince;

Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare,
The Queen of my heart and my cane-bottomed
chair.

When the candles burn low and the company's
gone,

In the silence of night as I sit here alone,—
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

She comes from the past and revisits my room;
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.

William Makepeace Thackeray.

HIS LITTLE FROCK.

The other day a Gordon Highlander in-
vited his wife to visit him at the barracks in
Scotland. She did so, taking with her their
six-year-old girl. When they arrived, as it
happened, the husband was engaged on sentry
duty, and so they could not approach him.
The child eyed her "daddy" with a rather
sorrowful expression, as he paced up and
down the square shouldering his rifle and

wearing a kilt. She had never before beheld
him thus arrayed, and for a few minutes the
spectacle seemed to be quite beyond her; but
for no longer could she keep silent. "Mamma"
she said, in a voice that betrayed a trace of
childish covetousness, "If daddy finds the
man what stole 'ees trousers, will he gimme
dat lickie frock?"

Best Watches—Mermod & Jaccard's.

CURE FOR "NERVES."

In these nervous modern days, when "de-
pression," "prostration," "melancholia,"
"rest-cure," and "Weir Mitchell" are house-
hold words in so many families, this concise
bit of advice concerning depression and low
spirits will interest many. It is from the
letters of Sydney Smith, clergyman, social
philosopher, and wit:

"FESTON, February 16, 1820.

"DEAR LADY GEORGIANA: Nobody has
suffered from low spirits more than I have
done—so I feel for you.

"1st—Live as well as you dare.

"2nd—Go into the shower-bath with a small
quantity of water at a temperature low enough
to give you a slight sensation of cold, 75
or 80 degrees.

"3rd—Amusing books.

"4th—Short views of human life—not
further than dinner or tea.

"5th—Be as busy as you can.

"6th—See as much as you can of those
friends who respect and like you.

"7th—And of those acquaintances who
amuse you.

"8th—Make no secret of low spirits to your
friends, but talk to them freely—they are
always worse for dignified concealment.

"9th—Attend to the effects tea and coffee
produce upon you.

"10th—Compare your lot with that of other
people.

"11th—Don't expect too much from human
life—a sorry business at the best.

"12th—Avoid poetry, dramatic represen-
tations (except comedy) music, serious novels,
melancholy, sentimental people, and every-
thing likely to excite feeling or emotion not
ending in active benevolence.

"13th—Do good, and endeavor to please
every body of every degree.

"14th—Be as much as you can in the open
air without fatigue.

"15th—Make the room where you com-
monly sit gay and pleasant.

"16th—Struggle by little and little against
idleness.

"17th—Don't be too severe upon yourself,
or underrate yourself, but do yourself justice.

"18th—Keep good blazing fires.

"19th—Be firm and constant in the exercise
of rational religion.

"20th—Believe me, dear Lady Georgiana,

"Very truly yours, SYDNEY SMITH."

This mixture of gastric, psychic, social,
hygienic, philosophic, and religious advice is
most striking.

The best of all remedies, and for
over sixty years, Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING
SYRUP has been used by mothers for their chil-
dren while teething. Are you disturbed at
night and broken of your rest by a sick child
suffering and crying with pain of Cutting
Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of
"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children
Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will re-
lieve the poor little sufferer immediately. De-
pend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about
it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach
and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the
Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone
and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Win-
slow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is
pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of
one of the oldest and best female physicians
and nurses in the United States, and is for sale
by all druggists throughout the world. Price,
twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for
"MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." 1840-
1901.

COLORADO'S



COOL RESORTS

BEST REACHED VIA THE

MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY.

DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE.

THROUGH SLEEPING CARS TO SAN FRANCISCO, VIA PUEBLO,
GLENWOOD SPRINGS AND SALT LAKE CITY.
SUMMER EXCURSION TICKETS NOW ON SALE.

H. C. TOWNSEND,
GEN'L PASS'G AND TKT. AGT.,

RUSSELL HARDING,
THIRD V.-P. AND G. M.,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

C. G. WARNER,
SECOND VICE-PRES'T.,

NO DIRTY HANDS
WITH THE SMITH PREMIER TYPE CLEANING DEVICE

IT ELIMINATES THAT
OBJECTIONABLE FEATURE SO
COMMON TO OTHER
TYPEWRITERS AND KEEPS BOTH
THE OPERATOR AND THE TYPE
FREE FROM DIRT

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AN IMPROVEMENT
AFFIXED ONLY TO
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TYPEWRITERS
SEND FOR
CATALOGUE

ST. LOUIS OFFICE,
821 PINE STREET.

"All roads lead to Rome"

And all business in New York seems to
tend toward

Grand Central Station.

This great building, which covers the space
of four city blocks, beginning at the corner
of 4th Avenue and 42nd Street, is the Metro-
politan terminus of the

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

and is the center of the hotel, residence, club
and theater district of the second city of the
world. To reach it, see that your ticket
reads by the NEW YORK CENTRAL.

A copy of the 40-page Illustrated Catalogue
of the "Four-Track Series," New York Cen-
tral's books of travel and education, will be
sent free, post-paid, to any address on receipt
of a postage stamp, by George H. Daniels,
General Passenger Agent, New York Central
& Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central
Station, New York.

THE NEWEST BOOKS.

The Crisis, Winston Churchill, \$1.15; Blue
Shirt and Kahi, Archibald, \$1.20; Puppet Crown,
Harold MacGrath, \$1.20; Career of a Beauty,
John Strange Winter, \$1.20; Mousme, Clive Hol-
land, \$1.20; Ensign Knightley, A. E. W. Mason,
\$1.20. Books by mail, 10c extra. Also a complete
assortment of paper-covered novels and peri-
odicals. Subscriptions taken for all publica-
tions at JETT'S BOOK STORE, 806 Olive Street.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL
"The Niagara Falls Route."

Pan-American Special

Lv. Chicago 6:00 p.m. — Ar. Buffalo 7:45 a.m.
"Buffalo 8:30 p.m. (E.T.)" Chicago 9:30 a.m.
"Pan-American Souvenir," "A Summer Note
Book" and other booklets sent for 4c. postage,
O. W. Ruggles, Gen. Pass'r & Tkt. Agt., Chicago

Grow 20 Years Younger in One Year!

He Used
Mrs. Graham's
Cactico
TO MAKE HIM
Quick
TO RE

Both guarantee
Druggists
press, pr
Ser
with
Men
Mrs.
F
E

